MADAM FICKLE:
OR, THE
Witty False One.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at His Royal Highness the
DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by *Tho. Durfey* Gent.

HORAT.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

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M.DC.LXXXII.

MADAM FICKLE:

TO HIS GRACE

THE

Duke of Ormond,

Lord High Steward of His Majesties Houshold, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majeisties most Honourable Privy Council.

May it please your Grace,

THough the Presumption I might have been guilty of in this Dedication, is somewhat excused in your Graces Permission; yet the meanness of this Trifle, infuses a secret shame into me, when I consider how ill a Present I have made to a Person of such eminent Merit and Grandeur, whose obliging, and not to be exampled Clemency, induces him to Patronize a Peice that rather diminishes, than brings the least addition to his Fame. Had it been an Heroick Poem, I might have open'd my eyes with greater assurance, and cherish'd my ambitious thoughts with

the resolution of honouring some happy Heroe with your Graces Illustrious Character, and so under pretence of a slender merit springing from the Work, have insinuated my self into your Favour. But whereas other Authors are happy in this particular, how little have I to boast of, when all I can say in my defence, is, That its only good Fortune was, in being the Subject of the Courts Diversion, where their Noble Clemency and Good Nature were extreamly requisite, in covering its defects from the too Censorious? His Majesty, according to His accustomed Royal and Excellent Temper, was pleas'd to descend so far, as to give it a particular Applause, which was seconded by your Grace, little considering, my Lord, the Pride a young Author might be infected with, in seeing his Play honour'd with so dignified an Approbation. But when I had the honour to wait upon you, and saw shining in all your Actions the glorious Beams of Humility, Courtesie, true Honour and Virtue, Perfections seldom seen in Great Men, 'tis impossible for me to decipher my thoughts, nor had I power to utter them; for my Minds surprize added to the imperfection of my Speech, though I had leisure to consider how despicable

a thing is Pride, when suppress't by the pious Inclinations of a generous Virtue. Pardon me, my Lord, if the indefatigable Zeal I owe your Grace, makes me wander from the nicer Rules of Dedication; And I beseech you believe, that as to Admire you, I never can enough; so to Flatter you, is far beyond my power, you being far above it; I have more reason to beg your Pardon for this Trespass, than to incur your Anger for another Default: A Buffoon, though he may be often stil'd the sport and diversion of Princes, would very ill become the Name of their Companion. And so this Play, though it had the Fortune to please you as Spectator, must needs blush at its insufficiency, being receiv'd as a Bosme Friend. Confession (my Lord) *makes an abatement of the Crime, and to make it wholly pardonable, the rest must be impos'd upon your Graces Clemency that authoriz'd my Boldness; the Clemency that drew me from a melancholy Retirement, where Content and I were often quarrelling about a slender Fortune, to visit the blissful Habitation of Virtue and Grandeur. Birds sing most sweetly that sit in the Sunbeams; and 'tis, I confess, the Natural Ambition of most Poets, to shelter themselves under*

the

the Wings of Nobility, Encouragement adding more ſweetneſs to their Pens, and more vivacity to their Fancy: But to ſtudy to deſerve the bleſſings of your Favour, ſhall be ever the great and ſole Ambition of,

MY LORD,

Your Graces moſt humble,

and moſt devoted Servant,

Tho. Durfey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord *Bellamore.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Manley Friend to *Bellam.*	Mr. *Smith.*
Sir Arthur Oldlove, an Antiquary.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Captain *Tilbury*, an old fashion'd blunt Fellow.	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Zechiel. } Sons to *Tilbury.*	Mr. *Anthony Leigh.*
Toby. } Sons to *Tilbury.*	Mr. *James Nokes.*
Old *Jollyman.*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Harry, Son to *Jollyman.*	Mr. *Jevan.*
Flaile, Servant to *Tilbury.*	Mr. *Richards.*
Dorrel, alias *Friendlove.*	Mr. *Norrice.*

WOMEN.

Madam Fickle.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Constantia, Daughter to *Sir Arthur.*	Mrs. *Barrer.*
Arbella.	Mr. *Gibbs.*
Silvia Attendant to *Fickle.*	Mrs. *Napper.*
Three Wenches.	

Constable, Watch, Footmen, Maskers, Musitioners, and Attendants.

SCENE
Covent-Garden.

Prologue, by Mr. *Smith*.

FAncy and Sence, the glorious Twins of Wit,
That us'd t'imbelish what a Poet writ,
Are now as poor and despicable grown,
As an old wrinkled Trader of the Town,
With hollow Eyes, no Teeth, and tatter'd Gown;
Like her they are neglected by you Wits,
And forc'd to trade with Country-Squires and Cits,
Who with their Eighteen-pence uphold the Stage,
Which you would ruine with your Critick Rage:
By Heaven, Sirs, it is a Cursed Age.
Too late 'tis now for Poets to get Fame,
Their Works are only fit for you to Dam.
They toil, 'tis true, but gain, in stead of Praise,
Malignant Censures; Thorns, in stead of Bayes.
The great Cabal so partial do appear,
An Authors Wit lies buried in his Fear.
And as a Painter in his skill grown nice,
Still mends and mends, till he has spoil'd the Piece;
So too much care in striving to essay
New Scenes of Wit, oft ruines a good Play.
The Factious Club are Mercileſs of late,
Carping, Ill-natur'd, and Degenerate;
Sifting so much to find each little Fault,
They lose their best diversion in their Thought.
And though facetious Playes, and the learned Pit,
When Colledges have fail'd, have taught them Wit;
The Stages Ruine unconcern'd you see,
And Dam th'Original of Gallantry.
Shou'd we leave off, then we should hear you say,
Dam'em, what Drones are these, why don't they Play?
'Sblud, I shall never leave this Wenching vein,
Jack, my last swinging Clap's broke out again.
And if we do Play——then you Censure raise,
And to encourage us, Dam all our Playes;
Nothing will please, I wonder what a Devil
Makes Men of Wit so formally uncivil.
But since 'tis so, and you thus Cruel prove,
We must appeal t' our Friends that sit above,
Whose wise indifferent Censures grace a Play,
As Squibs and Crackers do——a Lord Mayors Day.

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ACT. I.

Scene 1.

Enter Jollyman *and* Harry.

Joll. SIrrah! Not a Penny: I say 'tis loſt upon thee.

Harr. I ſay ---How Sir!

Joll. How Sir? I'le tell you Sir --- Firſt thou art a Melancholy Fellow, a kind of Hypocondriack, as I am told, and inſtead of making, ſpoilſt good Company.

Harr. Piſh: Good Sir believe it not.

Jol. Secondly: Sirra, thou haſt quite forgot to ſing, a Quality that was Hereditary, a Benefit that has grac'd our Family for above theſe 20 years; and like a Varlet thou haſt neglected it.

Harr. Not I i' faith Sir! You are miſ-inform'd. I am not melancholy, nor any thing of that which you imagine. I can ſing too, loudly, and for the Benefit of Company. 'Tis true Sir, want of Mony ----

Joll. Sirra, Sirra, a lye deſerves a Cudgel. Do not vex me. Udsbores, Did I not ſee you yeſterday at Sir *Arthur Oldloves*, holding your hands up thus --- conning your Leſſon? what buſineſs can you have with Antiquaries, except it be to practice diſobedience, or turn Preciſian to diſgrace thy Family?

Harr. Why Sir. I'le tell you what.

Joll. No Sir, You need not;
I know the trick already. Speed the Plough Sir.
Alas! What ſhould you do with Money? To you that neglect the

World---Money's a Torment. I have consider'd it----and will not tempt you---Money was made for those that laugh, and drink with appetite, whose merry Souls---put Padlocks on dull Conscience, and live the life of sence *cum Privilegio*.

Harr. I will excel in Mirth Sir. Every day shall give you proof, each hour variety, your House shall ring with shouts of Joy and Musick: I long have wish'd it so: But still the Duty, the reserved Reverence that I bore you Sir made me forbear----But since you'l have it otherwise, it meets my wishes fully.

Yall. And mine too Sir. And a pox on Reverence I say, an Ounce of true *English* Mirth is worth a Pound on't: But this Antiquary---What Business had you there Sir? answer me that.

Harr. Sir, there is a rich Widow lodges at his House, one to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted; and by feigning an Austerity yesterday in Sir *Arthur*'s Company, I got access to her.

Yall. Is she merry, can she sing?

Harr. To a Miracle Sir. She's extreamly Musical: Plays o'th' Guittar, and tells a Story with the best Grace I ever saw.

Yall. 'Sbud a fine Woman: I warrant her. Hang pinching, *Harry* thou shalt have her.

Harr. She's very reserv'd; but withall uses a modest freedom that's infinitely taking.

Yall. Udsbores! I like it well, a merry Modesty, and an unstain'd Integrity add much to Feminine Capacities: Let the world rub, *Harry*--I say thou shalt have her. There, there's Money for thee ----Nay if thou wer't there upon design, 'tis another matter, I must allow that. When I was a young Man I was the best at a design: Ah, I could ha' gone through stitch i' faith: But come, hang pinching---*Harry* thou shalt have her.

SONG.

Away with the Causes of Riches and Cares,
That poison our Spirits, and shorten our Years:
No pleasure can be,
In state or degree,
But 'tis ming'd with trouble and fears.
Then perish all Fops by a Sobriety dull'd,
Whilst he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.
The Quarks of the Zealous of Beauty or Wit,
Tho' supported by Power, at last must submit.
For he that is sad
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilst Mirth like a Monarch does sit:
It cherishes life in the Old and the Young,
And makes every day be both happy and long.

Yall.

Joll. By Heav'n a rare Woman, a most Divine Creature, Sirra there's more Money, and do but wheedle dexterously. Do but get this Woman, and then hang pinching, let the World rub.

Harr. I'le warrant you Sir. So, I have open'd his Purse at last! How now, who's this?

Enter Tilbury *and* Toby.

Joll. Hoh! My old Friend and Fellow-Collegian Mr. *Tilbury*: I' faith I am glad to see you. This was good luck to meet you here after solong absence. Pray how fare all our old Friends in *Salisbury*?

Tilb. In health, Sir; hard labour, plain Diet, and Hearts Ease, are still the best Physicians. All well——All well——

Joll. Why let the World rub: I am glad on't i' faith. This is your Son I think, Mr. *Tilbury*.

Tilb. One of 'em Sir. *Toby*——your Hat. T'other hand, Sirra! Well, this Boy will never learn breeding.

Joll. Oh I'le warrant you Sir, here he'll soon learn that, a very hopeful youth indeed——

Tilb. Ay, Ay. God send him Grace Sir, he may do well enough! What Mr. *Harry*! By Coxbodikins I did not know you. You are grown a lusty stripling since I saw you last: Ah——Lord, how time passes! I am heartily glad to see you, Good Mr. *Harry*. 'Sbud he sprouts up finely.——I hope your Mother's well Mr. *Harry*.

Harr. Very well Sir.

Tilb. Still twirling your Hat, and sqeezing your Gloves. [*To* Toby. Sirra leave that trick, or by St. *Jago* I'le lame thee. I wonder when you see Mr. *Harry* in such a posture——

Joll. Oh give him a little time Sir, he is not yet wean'd from the Country.

Tilb. No, no, my Cudgel shall wean him. Good Sir, let me go: Sirra, Sirra,——Have I not told you of this?

Joll. He'l mend it quickly Sir. Pray-----have a little patience, and setting this apart, what business brought you to Town good Mr. *Tilbury*?

Tilb. Why Sir, I have a Suit of Law depending here i'th' *Chancery*, which I am resolv'd to make an end of; and my next business is, I intend to marry both my Sons to two Fortunes, which are here provided for 'em.

Joll. Both! Why have you another Son?

Tilb. Another! Yes *Zechiel*. Did you never hear of *Zechiel*? H'as been a Student in the *Temple* this three years, another-ghess fellow than this I assure you, all Air and Spirit he-----'Sbodikins' I am told in the Country there's not a true Wit in all the Fraternity but he.

Joll. Why then hang pinching; he's a brave fellow. Come Sir, here's a Glass of excellent old Hock here at *Longs*. I'le give you your welcome to Town.

Tilb. Old Hock! what a Dickins is that? Sir a Dish of Racy Canary if you please, I am for no Hocks! 'Sbodikins, Wine was never good since it has been corrupted with such barbarous notions.

Joll. Well Sir, I'le warrant you I'le please you.

Tilb. Sirra, walk you yonder in the (what d'e call 'ems) the *Piazza's*, and if *Flaile* my man come, direct him hither: And d'e hear, leave that sneaking Dog-look of yours, or by St. *Jago* --- well,-- I say no more for this time. Do'nt provoke me. [*Ex.* Till. Joll.

Tob. what a peevish old fellow 'tis? Sure he has been stung with a Wasp to day --- -He's so fretful ----But Udshash, I'le not be controul'd so, and so I'le tell him when time serves.

Harr. Faith Sir, he's a little too severe: Why he uses you like a meer Child.

Tob. Ay-- --like an Infant --- huh --- because he's old, he thinks no body has breeding but himself; but Udshash --- in *Salisbury* I assure you I pass for the more accomplish'd person.

Harr. Without doubt Sir, he were an errant Coxcomb that wou'd dispute that --- why, you have a good presence.

Tob. Yes? thank a good Nurse: I am pretty well fortified by Nature, and yet every thing I do, he forsooth mislikes, as if I were a Fool, and knew not how to carry my self: Udshash, I wonder he has no more Civility ----

Harr. O Sir! Old Men that have the prerogative of being Fathers, think it but decent to use that liberty: But setting aside this discourse; Mr. *Toby*, may not my Ambition desire the satisfaction of knowing the name of this excellent person you are to marry.

Tob. Why Sir ---to tell you the Truth of the business, I don't know her name my self; for I never saw her yet. For the old Fool my Father carries matters so closely, that I can never know any thing: But by *Jeroboam* I'le fit him; For if I marry without good pre-meditation, I am the Son of an *East-India* Bagpiper; and so Udshash I'le tell him.

Harr. Marry a stranger, and one you never saw? By Heaven 'tis unreasonable.

Tob. Udshash! He's the most unreasonable Cormudgeon you ever knew ---- i'th' Winter he will not let me come near the fire for fear of catching Chil-blanes.

Harr. Not warm your self ---

Tob. No: Did you ever hear the like? But Zooks I fitted him once; for I burnt a whole Stack of Hay down to the ground on that occasion, and warm'd my self in spight of him.

Harr. Ha, ha, ha --- a Witty invention by my life; but Mr. *Toby*, I suppose you know what Quality she that must be your Wife is?

Tob.

Tob. Yes, yes: She's of very good Quality, and a Widow, and very rich I am told.

Harr. A Widow Sir? 'Sdeath if it should be my Mistress----

Tob. As to her conditions, I am ignorant of'em; but they had need be good; for I have miss'd many a wealthy Match for her sake.

Harr. Certainly Sir I've the honour to know this Lady; pray where does she lodge?

Tob. D'e know her? I'm glad o' that i'faith. You may do me a great kindness in telling me some of her Conditions --- Why Sir she lodges here in *Bridges-street* at the House of Sir *Arthur Oldlove* the fam'd Antiquary.

Harr. The same by Heav'n. 'Sdeath, was ever such luck? Sir I was involv'd in a mistake, I thought she had been a Lady of my acquaintance: But good Sir, how came this Match so forward, since you say she's a stranger to you?

Tob. Why Sir! You must know this same Sir *Arthur* is my Fathers intimate friend, and this Widow lodging at his House, he presently gave notice of it: Telling him, he doubted not but he could make her a Match for me. But the main Cause of his kindness is, because he designs my Brother *Zechiel* to marry his Daughter.

Harr. Very good---now have I an itching mind to swinge this [*Aside* Rascal: But 'tis so notorious a Fool, that a beating is lost upon him. Then you'r resolv'd to marry-----

Tob. Yes! Hang't I will marry---I fancy there's a great deal of pleasure in't. First to command a Family, and sit at the upper end of the Table. Then to make my Wife serve instead of a *Vallet de Chambre*, and never pay her no Wages neither: Then to command her this way, that way, t'other way, and every way; for this thing, that thing, t'other thing, and every thing: Udshash 'tis very pretty-----

Harr. But Sir, you still miss the right end of Marriage.

Tob. That's all one Sir---why we must take our Fortune. 'Tis as the Fates decree----

Harr. Gad the Fates are very uncivil to meddle in a matter that so nearly concerns you. But Sir! there is one thing more; there's a certain ill Fate attends Marriage---Horns Sir; are you not afraid of being a Cuckold?

Tob. A Cuckold! ha, ha, ha---I see he's a little foolish-----a Cuckold Sir, Udshash---in *Salisbury* they know not what it means. 'Tis your *London* Air that breeds Cuckolds: Here's your horny Forrest--- But udshash, they say here a Courtier can't walk the streets without being perpetually troubled in returning the Complements to some of his Cuckolds: Besides, they'r so general a Society here, that no body minds'em---but in *Salisbury*---if a man is suspected to be a Cuckold, he presently gets into Office, either of Constable, or head Church-warden, that his degree may recover his disgrace-----Nay for better security,

rity, some of 'em padlock their Wives: And Udshash that is certainly the safest way? and I wonder the Citizens here don't take it into Consideration.

Harr. Get one of the Common Council to petition the King for an Act of Parliament to that purpose.

Tob. 'Tmay be necessary as things stand sometimes---But see here comes *Flaile*: Udshash my Brother too, now for a peale of Wit.

Enter Zechiel *and* Flaile.

Zech. Hah *Toby*---Beangarson touch Flesh, touch Flesh: Welcome to Town i' faith----upon honour thou lookst well, only thy Clothes a little disguise thee; but no matter, where's my Father, hah--- *Bandog* and I have been seeking him this hour, prithee where is he?

Tob. Gone to the Tavern with an old Friend of his.

Zech. Come! Let us go thither too; Upon honour the Tavern's a sweet place, and next to the Play-house, the most becoming a Gentleman of any thing----Sir, I kiss your hand, and beg your [*To* Harry. Pardon for neglect in Salutation: But my Eyes being serenely fix'd upon my Brother, there happen'd an accidental Eclipse betwen my imprison'd Aspect, and, Sir, your Person: But the Luminaries of my Soul being kindled by discretion, I have now liberty to acknowledge and amend my fault committed in point of Demeanour.

Tob. What! What's all this? Udshash *Zechiel*'s mad---

Harr. Sir! I am very unskilful in a Repartee of this nature, and therefore beg your excuses, if all I can say is, that your wit had no occasion for half this Apology.

Zech. Sir, your very Servant. *Toby*, Come let's to the Tavern, upon honour I'le make thee drunk to night, give me thy hand. What dull --- flat --- like a Poet in a Church, prithee hold up thy head and laugh Man, and let us sing, and roar, and drink away the night like Sons of Thunder, to morrow will be time enough to see my Father. Hey, come along Boy. *Bandog*, Sirra, you shall go too. You shall drink Bumpers out of your Custard-Cap you Rogue, and be drunk for the honour of your Country---- [*Strikes off* Flailes *Hat.*

Tob. Yes, yes! He's mad----

Flail. 'Slid! For ought I see you need no Wine: prating will in a short time make you too drunk for any civil Mans company.

Zech. Well said *Ploughshare*: Why how now *Bully*! still in thy Dumps! not a word to save a Mans longing? [*To* Toby.

Prithee look up and speak like a Man of Worship: 'Sdeath I must new mould you e're we part: I perceive that you'l degenerate else: Upon honour he's no kin to me that is not as brisk as a Dansing-Master. Give me the Spirit of Conversation, a Man that sings, and talks, and laughs, and stares --- and comes aloft thus with agility, hah --- [*Vaults.*

Harr.

Harr. Like a Taylor o're a Washing-block: Well, I must leave 'em; for the Disease of Folly is as catching as that of the Plague.—Gentlemen your Servant.

Zech. Ah Sir, you will not leave us: Shall we not break a jest together o're a Glass of *Burgundy*! Upon honour a Man of Wit is to me as welcome as a Beautiful Woman. *Toby*, address your self to the Gentleman your Friend.

Tob. Sir! the Truth is, my Brothers a little off o'th' Hooks; but 'twill quickly away——'Tis only the over-flows of wit. You know the old saying, *Sine aliqua Dementio nullus Phœbus*! This Wit is plaguy troublesome.

Harr. Right Sir. Therefore to prevent, I'le take my leave till some other time. [*Exit* Harry.

Zech. Is he gone? Dam him he has no Mony now, not a souse—I know it. Upon honour, in this age a Man knows not who to bestow his Gallantry upon: If he gets among Persons of Quality, they are so Critical, that he has not matter enough to work on: If amongst the Vulgar; 'tis lost upon 'em; for the sense of paying a Reckoning, makes them as dull as a *Cantabrigian* newly enter'd into Orders.

Flail. Ay, this *London's* a wicked Place, that's the Truth on't. Che' have gone 3 mile about, and can hardly see ought but Ale-housen and Taberns.

Tob. Nay, the worst is, one can hardly know a Church from a Tavern, but only the Church has ne're a Sign.

Zech. A good Observation! Gad I'le pinch thee for that. Pinch him *Bandog*, leave your Church you Dog, and execute my Mandates. Ha, ha, ha. [*Kicks away his Staff, he falls down.*

Tob. Ha, ha, ha, up again *Flail*; there's no harm done. Udshash! *Zechiel's* grown an arch wag.

Flail. Arch quoth a! 'Slid he has broke my Nose——D'e laugh? Ah you may be asham'd o' your Actions. Your Worshipful Father wou'd ne'r ha' serv'd me zo.

Zech. Nay! No anger *Flaile!* No anger! What's a fall to a Man o' thy parts; Upon honour 'tis customary here to give or take a fall from any Man, especially amongst Friends.

Lord Bellamore, *Mr* Manly, and Footmen pass over the Stage.

Bella. Sirra take this Letter, and do as I command you, away—you shall find me in the Mall—— [*Ex.* Footman.

Come *Manly*, lets away——how now? Who's here? My Fop of the *Temple Jack?* This is he I told thee of. I won 300 Guineys of him t' other night at Back-gammon.

Manl. 'Twas well you won 'em: They might else have been thrown away upon one of far less merit; for I see he has a kind of a losing Face——he'l ne'r thrive at play.

Zech.

Zech. My Noble Lord! I kiſs your Lordſhips great Toe. Worthy Sir, your Adorer. Upon honour my Lord you had the moſt Victorious Chance t'other night I ever knew: But ſince it was my fortune to loſe, Fate did me a great honour in chooſing your Lordſhip for my Conquerour.

Bella. Sir! the moſt worthy are ſtill more ſubject to ill chance, and 'tis as abſolutely impoſſible for me to excuſe my own good Fortune, as to enlarge upon your Merits.

Zech. Ah! Your Lordſhip o'rewhelms me in the deluge of your Gallantries. Be pleas'd to know my Brother, my Lord. 'Tis true, he's meanly apparel'd, becauſe newly come from the Bleſſing of 1500 a year in the Country, to ſpend a Month or two in Town---but elſe upon honour of a good ſtature, ſtraight back, and a Head of moſt hopeful expectation.

Bella. He ſeems no leſs Sir. I wiſh I had leiſure to comment upon his perfections.

Zech. Then here's my *Bandog*, a tough Raſcal, a Fellow of ſo ſtrange a Conſtitution, that 'chas been often diſputed which was the better bred, he or his Oxen! Upon honour a ſecond *Hobſon*; my Lord an everlaſting *Plough-ſhare*---do but view him! Stand forth O Man of *Motley!* Ha, ha, ha---he bluſhes upon honour, he changes Countenance.

Manl. Not for a worſe I hope.

Bella. No, not unleſs he ſhould ſteal one off the Poles at *London* Bridge. But come, Prithee lets away: Such another deſcription would induce me to beat this Fellow for ſpoiling my Stomach to my Dinner---[*Aſide.*

Zech. What's that? Dinner! Will your Lordſhip dine with me? a diſh of Partridges, and a Joul of Salmon (my Lord.)

Bella. But your ſauce is ſcurvy, and will doubtleſs corrode upon my Nature.

Zech. Gad! the beſt ſauce in the World. This Fellow was Cook to the King of *France*, and upon honour is the moſt ingenious in his Function of any Man in Chriſtendom.

Man. But Sir, our intrigue lies another way.

Bella. Sir we are to day Men of great Buſineſs, and there is a preſſing Affair that requires inſtant performance. Therfore adieu. [*Ex.* Bel. Ma.

Zech. This is the bane of our Nobility. Pride---Sloth, and ill Manners undoes the Nation.

Tob. A Lord quoth a! If all Lords have no more breeding than this, the Nation is like to have a hopeful Houſe of Peers. Udſhaſh I could have carried matters better than ſo my ſelf---For with reverence be it ſpoken, and under the Roſe, my Lord was as unmannerly a Fellow as I ever ſaw.

Flail. Ha, ha, ha---He a Noble Man, and punctilio no better. By th' Maſs the Major of our Town has more manners by half.

Zech.

Zech. Pshaw—What's matter? Let 'em go, upon honour I scorn their ignorance, and to let 'em see the Power of a Man of Wit: Thou and I will Lampoon 'em. I'le teach thee within this three days to be a Man of Mode; and thou shalt talk, and roar, and fight and sing even with the best, nay Cocks of all the Bullies. I'le teach thee the most new and dextrous way of picking Wenches up. Then thou shalt know their tempers, constitutions: Whether they are i'th' Boat or may be Boarded. Thou shalt know every thing Boy. I'le be a true Brother to thee.

Tob. Hoy Boys, then I'le warrant I'le learn quickly: Nay Udshash—I'm very quick at any thing I give my mind to.

Zech. No more blowing of Noses on your sleeve, nor twirling of Band-strings, d'e hear? but when you are in Company, Cock your Hat, place your Arms thus, look like the Son of *Thunder*, and cry Hoh.

Tob. Hoh——Udshash! I'le warrant thee I'le do't.

Zech. Then we'll have our names alter'd: Let the old Prophets keep their Appellations; we'll be new Christned: Mine shall be—*Fillofloride*; thine *Rounsivell*——Hey *Rounsivell*: Upon honour it sounds rarely——and then for humour.

Tob. Ay, ay, I warrant thee Boy! If I can but get a little Wit into this Pate of mine, let me alone for humour.

Zech. Then, my *Pithagoras*, shall thou and I make a Transmigration of Souls. Thou shalt marry my Mistress, and thy Wife shall be my Gracious *Paramour*: 17 Puncks shall be thy proportion, thou shalt sleep in the comfort of clean Linnen; Wench with a safe Conscience, and eat no more fresh Beef at Supper; but the Flesh-pots of *Egypt* shall fatten thee, and the Grashopper flourish in thy Summer.

Tob. Hoy! Rare, rare *Phillorolido*! Prithee give me a note o' thy Name! Udshash I shall ne'r hit on't else——

Zech. Come away then, we'l go presently and Practice——

And to the Tavern door make our Approaches,
Like Hect'ring Gallants rushing from Gilt Coaches.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT.

ACT. II.

Scene 1. *The Mail.*

Enter *Lord* Bellamore *and* Manley.

Bella. A Fool is a *Vacuum* in Nature; a Prolix ſtory without Marginal Notes; in whoſe Company a man neither gets credit nor profit: If he be Rich his greateſt perfection is Avarice: if Poor, he is altogether deſpicable, and unfit for Society——

Manl. I am not of your mind; for if Profit turn the Scale, there's certainly moſt to be got by half-witted people; and as to the diſgrace, the Notion of a Fool is ſo general, and there's ſo many ſorts of 'em, that a man loſes not an Inch of Reputation, but rather gets credit by their defect.

Enter Page.

Bella. Now Sirra! what News?

Page. I deliver'd your Letter as your Lordſhip directed; and ſhe deſires your Viſit to be as ſpeedily as you can; for ſhe has a Kinſman that about an hour hence has ingag'd himſelf to wait on her; whoſe Company ſhe fears may be very prejudicial.

Bella. I'le be with her preſently, *Jack!* I muſt beg thy pardon.

Manl. What an aſſignation, my Lord! A Love-challenge, I warrant.

Bella. Even ſo i' faith; and I muſt thither inſtantly. Where ſhall we meet at night?

Manl. At *Lumbe* with the Fidles and a Talboy.

Bella. Agreed? I will not fail thee——*Jack* farewell. Sirra follow me.—— [*Exit* Bell. *and* Page.

Manl. So! I am glad it happens thus; I ſhould elſe have been put to the trouble of excuſing my abſence from him. Let me ſee, 'tis now five a Clock! at ſix I promis'd *Celia* to viſit her, and his abſence gives me a happy opportunity. To perform it, I'le take a walk round the Park, and by that time 'twill be very near the hour. *Ex.* Man.

Enter Zechiel *and* Toby *in a new Suit.*

Zech. Splendid and Gent, upon honour thou art Metamorphos'd; a Courtier of the firſt Edition. Thou haſt the Town Air already, and wear'ſt thy Clothes with a boon mene. Walk a little! walk! ah——

obſerve

observe always to keep your Toes outward, and your Elbows as far back as you can; that's right! give me thy hand: Upon honour thou art a modish Fellow.----

Tob. Udshash----I must quarrel. I shall not be a right Gallant till I have beaten some body, or am beaten, it's all one: Hah! *Philloromine.* Plague on't I shall never hit of thy name.

Zech. Thou shalt beat a Constable to night, thou and I will scour through the Flannel *Mermidons*, and come off Conquerors; nay, rather than fail thou shalt beat me: But I'le ha' thee flesh'd. Stand here! Suppose me now a Drawer, and that I had been tardy in procuring a Wench according to your order: What wou'd you do o'th' sudden?

Tob. Do! Why thus? a Box o'th' Ear for a Prologue, you know that's but reasonable---- [*Strikes him.*

Zech. Right upon honour. 'Tis necessary---- but forward.

Tob. Hoy; *Scaramouchi*, *Rascal*, *Poltron*, *Popinjay*! Son of 20 Fathers, besides out-liers, comers and goers; must a man of honour wait your leisure, you Dog, and miss his necessary diversion, through the negligence of such a Scarab: Udsbores, I'le beat thee into a Tripe. No haste? No attendance? [*Beats* Zechiel.

Zech. Hold, hold! ha, ha ha; the right Town-humour *Ned*, Flash to the life---ha, ha, ha. Let me kiss thee for this; if thou canst but get the art of gleaning from Playes, and remember'st but my Rules for picking up Wenches; upon honour in a short time not a Bully Rock of 'em all can come near thee for Gallantry.

Tob. Ay; but they say the best way of picking up Wenches is to speak Baudy to 'em, and the Truth is, I am a little shame-fac'd at present; but I shall quickly come to't.

Enter Arbella, Constantia *and* Page.

Arb. So pleasant and so inconstant a Temper till now I never knew: Her Carriage is so graceful and obliging, that 'tis infinitely delightful to all Companies; and if she happens to speak of love, me thinks there flows a sweetness from her Language, that charms the Ear.

Const. And yet she's false as Hell; so strangely wedded to inconstancy, that the Town begins to take notice of her, and speak the more loudly, as being ignorant of her quality: Sirra carry that Letter as I directed you----

Tob. Udshash! Here's Women, Brother; good-Boy! I'le begone: My Heart fails me already. I shall never be able to speak to 'em.

Zech. Not speak to 'em! Upon honour thou shalt, bravely too. What flinch in thy first Charge. Come back for shame; observe me, I'le begin--- I'le introduce thee---- Ladies! the Devil take me if it be not a Maxime against Reason and Civility, for you to walk thus

without Servants. But obliging Fortune, a particular Friend to your Sex, has sent hither for that Employment my Brother and my self; and if your pleasure——

Arb. Sir! you will add very much to our pleasure to leave us; for we are in so ill a humour, that the Overtures of your Imaginary Wit will be lost upon us.

Zech. Leave you! Shall I leave a Lady to the Tyranny of Melancholly, that may be diverted with the pleasure of my Company: Madam, I know more of the Punctilio's of Civility than so; therefore as I was saying, My Brother and my self——

Const. Oh heavens, Madam! This is the very Fool that my Father designs me to Marry.

Arb. It seems he knows you not.

Const. No; he never saw me but once, and then 'twas at a Window.

Zech. My Brother and my self Madam, two of the most accomplish'd Sparks ith' Town——

Arb. Two of the most conceited Fops ith' Town——

Zech. That shall be punctual in observing your Commands.

Const. That shall be beaten most unmercifully, if you stay a little longer.

Zech. Beaten Madam! What rash Presumer, careless of his life, dares think a thought like that——Beaten!

Tob. Udshash, she has quell'd my Courage already, wou'd I were at home again.

Zech. But I see Madam you are disposed to rally: Beaten! There goes more to the beating of a Man of Parts, than you imagine. Upon honour I was my self once so well skill'd in beating people, that the Herald had like to have given me a Battoon for my Crest; thereby to have signaliz'd my Valour to Posterity.

Arb. I wonder you miss'd so decent an Honour: For I am of opinion 'twas an excellent Device, and very suitable to your new-coin'd Gentility.

Zech. New-coin'd! Damme, this comes of walking without a Foot-boy: Brother prithee come and espouse my quarrel. These Eternal Talkers have made my Throat as dry as a Spunge already—Come! Address, Address——They tell me that ours is a new-coin'd Gentility.

Const. Well Sir, and what has your large quantity of Wit to say on this occasion?

Tob. I say! why I say——Say you what you will: The Family of the *Tilburies* is an Ancient Family, God bless the Royal Family, as any Family in Christendome, and he that says the contrary is the Son of a Whore, and my Brother here shall cut him into Steakes——

Zech. Well said Rounsival.

Arb. 'Slight! Prithee let's away; this angry Fool will beat us.

Tob. So, so——now they begin to fear me: I shall do well enough; the Coat of the *Tilbury's* new-coin'd——Udshash 'tis as old as *Tilbury Camp*, and that was in the same year with *Noahs* Flood.

Const. Insufferable Impertinence! They may well be Brothers; for their united Follies out-vies their Consanguinity.

Enter Manly.

Manl. Madam! the *Mall* may now boast of a Happiness unparallel'd, enjoying the sweetness of your Company.

Arb. Still your Rhetorical Vein Mr. *Manly*, you consider not the weak Capacities of Women.

Manl. Yes Madam: I may consider it; but am sufficiently satisfied in my knowledge of your Capacity to think it mean: But me thinks your looks are not so lively as 'tis usually: Your Eyes have lost part of their fire: No late loss I hope Madam has caus'd this alteration?

Arb. None Sir, only a little molested with the present heat, and the continual buzzing about of Flies that haunt me.

Manl. Flies; I understand you Madam.

Tob. Come; I think we had best go: Here's some mischief hatching.

Zech. I'le not stir upon honour, what a Pox he dares not draw in the *Mall*.

Manl. Sir! I see your Presence has the misfortune to be distastful to these Ladies, to whom I have the honour to be known: Therefore 'twill become you and your Brother Fop there, to leave 'em, and retire to your better Conveniences.

Zech. Brother Fop Sir! Upon honour you licence your Tongue by the priviledge of the place; such an attribute should not have pass'd unreveng'd else——but Sir a time will come——

Manl. When I shall cut your Throat Sir: Come Ladies, I'le be your Guardian; Let these Mushrumes stand if they dare. The respect I bear the Noble Company that usually walk here, ties up my Sword; but if they sleep on't hang me. *Ex.* Manl. *and Ladies.*

Tob. Udshash! I'le go hire a Coach, and into the Country immediately.

Zech. The Country! Such another word and I'le renounce thee for ever; Prithee think no more on't: He'll be hang'd before he'll challenge us.

Tob. I see he has a murd'rous intention, and 'tis an act of prudence to be careful.

Enter

Enter Flaile.

Flail. Oh have I found you at last? I wonder where the Dickins you ramble! ch'have ſearch'd all the Coffee-houſen and Taberns 'twixt this and *Weſtminſter* for you: What by th' Maſs my young Mr. *Toby* turn'd Gallant too. Whoop! by Coxounty what a change is here? Come you muſt go to Sir *Arthur Oldloves* to your Father: Byth'Maſs he's almoſt out on's Wits for you.

Zech. Go *Bandog*; tell him we come, and Sirra bid him get a Bottle of Claret, and a Neats Tongue ready-----Go-----Brother come, cheer up: Pox ont, a Rencounter is nothing when thou art us'd to't---Prithee let's be merry-----

Tob. If this Man had not come to diſturb us, I could have been very merry-----Udſhaſh I could have beaten the Woman into a Jelly; but no matter, Time and Experience ſhall mend all. *Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

Enter Madam Fickle *and* Silvia.

Fick. Is he come! give me the Glaſs.

Silv. Yes Madam, and I've led him into the Parler. I proteſt he's a handſome Man, and one that in my opinion little deſerves the Cruelty you intend him.

Fick. Call you Affection Cruelty?

Silv. Flattery in Affection is extreameſt Cruelty, I know you love him not: I have heard you often confeſs it: and to poſſeſs him with a belief you do, and at laſt daſh his hopes with a denial, is a horrid Torture.

Fick. I am glad he moves your Pity. Do you love him?

Silv. I commiſerate his Fortune----his love is a Happineſs too high for me; but good Madam, let me preſume to ask the reaſon why you uſe all your Lovers thus?

Fick. Well, in hopes to make thy diligence the ſurer, I'le tell thee why.
'Twas my unhappy Fate ſome three years ſince to fall in love,
To give away my Heart, and throw my ſelf into the arms of
One of mean deſcent-----and alſo ſlender Fortune. Yet had Deſtiny
So link'd my Soul with his, that each kind glance
Shot from his darting Eye, me thought went through me.
I lov'd, nay and ador'd with ſo much zeal,
I cou'd have dy'd-----nay willingly been tortur'd:
I thought he could not wrong my Innocence; for then I

Swear

Swear I was so innocent I knew not what sin was;
Yet this deluding Wretch! this base Seducer, although
I slighted all for him, laught at my fervent
Passion, scorn'd and left me, and when I thought his Heart
Was mine for ever, 'twas then most treacherous, and farthest
From me: Therefore I've made a strict and solemn
Vow, on the whole Sex to execute revenge——Flatter, nad
Wheedle all I can, and ever.
To practice to ensnare——but to love——never——

Silv. The strangest revenge I ever heard; but I doubt not Madam in a short time Love will alter your condition.

Fick. I'le venture that——Go and Conduct him hither, and fetch thy Lute and sing. [*Exit* Silvia.

SONG.

Beneath a Shady Willow, near
A Rivers purling Streams;
Astrea Careless of her Sheep,
With folded Arms lay fast asleep,
Possess'd with Golden Dreams;
Her working faculties supply'd, with drowzy sleep deny'd;
For oft she'd sigh, and smile, and grasp the Air,
Thinking her much-lov'd Celadon *was there.*

But as this sleeping harmless Maid,
Lay rap'd in silent Joy,
Possessing all that could be sought,
In fetter'd Sense or happy thought,
Her Swain came fishing by,
He eager of such rapting Bliss, awak'd her with a Kiss,
She Blushing rose, and cry'd, unhappy Fate!
Ah Celadon *thou now art come too late.*

Enter Bellamore.

Bella. Mirror of Beauty! Abstract of perfection,
Sweeter than Banks of Roses, and more
Glorious, than the Bright Empress of the Ruddy
Morn; when early *Titan* rises——

Fick. So early in your florid Vein, my Lord. I thought that 12 at night had been always your facetious hour: For Heavens sake no more of this, You'l lose your self in these Hyperboles.

Bella.

Bella. To loſe my ſelf in you——were to find Heaven——hah—Gad Me thinks I have expreſs'd my ſelf in as decent
A whining Method, as 'tis poſſible for a Lover to do.
Come! ſhall we abroad, my Coach is at door: Prithee let's to the Park, 'tis a fine Evening.

Fick. No, I am oblig'd to ſtay at home to receive the Viſit of a Kinſman, that ſent word he would wait on me.

Bella. A Pox on Kinſmen! Gad we have other Buſineſs than to mind Relations; in theſe Caſes an aſſignation diſappointed with one of them, is no more than the telling of a Lye, or an ordinary Frailty; but to ſpoil an amorous Intrigue when perſons are not at all times provided, i'gad 'tis a moſt inhumane offence, and merits condign puniſhment in the World to come.

Fick. Ay Sir——but this is ſuch a Kinſman——

Bella. Such a Kinſman? why the nearer he is related to you, the better he may ſtay: The cold buſineſs of Conſanguinity is ſeldom ty'd to an hour, once a Week, or a Month will ſerve the turn well enough; but the preſſing affair of Love brooks no delay. The minute muſt be watch'd that guides our Souls to perfect Joys, and they who neglect are Fools.

Fick. Well, if Impudence be a Grace in a Lover, I ſwear, my Lord, you have as large a portion as any one I know: What man but you durſt contradict his Miſtreſs thus?

Bella. What Woman but you durſt provoke a Lover thus? Nay one that is to marry you; and conſequently to have power to Tyrannize over you; To lie with you but once a week, and then with an ill will too: To ſend you into the Country to look your Dairy; To keep a Mis in Town, and live three times beyond my Eſtate, according to Cuſtom.

Fick. Is it not alſo in my power to be falſe? Is my Beauty ſo mean think you, that no one wou'd make Addreſſes? Lies it not in my ability to wheedle you into a Belief of Love, and at laſt to forſake you———aſſure your ſelf it does——but Heaven knows I am too conſtant.

Bella. A Miracle in Nature! A Notion of ſo ſtrange an extravagance, that the very ſound is incredible! Conſtancy in Woman is a ſecond Maidenhead: 'Tis loſt e're they know they have it, and your Conſtitution Madam certainly tends that way, and the Truth were known———

Fick. He little thinks how right he gueſſes—— [*Aſide.*

Bella. But ſince you are in ſo ill a humour, and are reſolv'd to ſpend this Afternoon here like a Turtle, ſolitarily in your Cage, I'le leave you, and ſtrive to divert my ſelf with other Company; I have a Preſent here too, which I intended to Dedicate to you; but to the Melancholly all things are diſtaſtful.

Fick.

Fick. A Neck-lace of Pearl! I must not lose that so——use your pleasure, my Lord. The Vertue of a Present seldom makes me fond of any Mans Company.

Bella. You think I warrant, this indifference becomes you extreamly. That modish turn of your head, and glance of your Eye, you imagine was infinitely taking: But Madam, I am now in a more serious humour, and not to be fool'd with such Dilatory motions; so begging your pardon for my obstructing your Kinsmans Visit——I take leave.——

Fick. Well! I am the very'st Fool. I swear, my fondness makes you insult over me; another Woman wou'd have made you comply, and be glad to ask her pardon; but my good Nature makes you slight me.

Bella. No, this action has indeer'd my Soul to thee, and I am faster thine than ever: Oh, I could live for ever in thy Arms——feed on thy Lips, and surfeit with thy Kisses.

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam the Gentleman is come.

Fick. Unlucky minute! Sweet my Lord away;
I wou'd not have him see you for the world.

Bella. The Devil blow him hence in a Whirlwind: I will obey you? but by Heaven with as ill a will as ever Coward fought a Duel; but since it must be so——adieu: Nay do not smile upon me? by the Lord I shall tire your Kinsmans patience, and stay if you do. Farewell. A Pox upon him I say—Farewell Madam. [*Exit.*

Fick. So, there's one dispatch'd. I was fain to tell him
'Twas a Kinsman, to get him gone the sooner——stay; this is my passionate Lover; one that Woes by Method, and speaks blank Verse. Now must I change my temper suitable to his Tone, and speak in the same stile: Let me see; *When* Sapho *lov'd! Oh Heaven! What throngs of woes oppress'd her harmless Breast?* Very well——I have it rarely. Now to my Posture—This Book——Languishing Eyes——So——And necessary Handkerchief to wipe Imaginary Tears off——So——The Devil's in't if this is not Melancholly enough. Here he comes. [*Sits at the Table.*

Enter Manley.

Manl. Life of my Soul! bright Treasure of the World,
Queen of perfections, and the best
Of all thy Charming Sex——What Dismal Fate
Has caus'd this alteration? Why are thy Eyes,
Late the extreams of Glorious Light, now clouded?

Adding more trouble to the frighted World,
Than when the Sun Eclipſed threatens a Chaos.
Fick. Pardon my Frailty Sir: I have not learn'd
The power to diſſemble: Who cou'd read
The hapleſs Fate of wretched *Ariadne*?
Hear *Theſeus* falſhood, and the Piercing Mones
Of a diſtreſs'd Maid, by Love undone,
Left all alone within a Deſart Iſle,
And not pay Tribute of a Tear or Two, to grace the ſtory?
Manl. 'Twas a horrid act,
And I confeſs deſerves it; but in us,
That love and glory in the Paſſion, 'tis
Not fit deſpair ſhould tyrannize.
Fick. Let them deſpair that merit no Return,
My paſſion has been permanent.
Man. And mine
The trueſt Heart that e're obey'd the Dictates
Of Loves Imperial Power, from that hour
That firſt obtain'd my Eye the happy Object
Of your Perfections, my poor fetter'd Heart,
Proud of the Chains of ſuch a Conquering Beauty,
Reſolv'd to Grace the long-wiſh'd Victory
With a perpetual Conſtancy.
Fick. And mine,
Bleſs'd with the Pleaſure of your Loves Addreſſes,
Grew proud of ſuch a Fortune: Happy *Celia*!
Wou'd I oft cry; if thou canſt purchaſe him,
Thy Race is finiſh'd, th' abſtract of all Love,
Vertue and Valour: Then with my Minds Perſpective
Wou'd I ſurvey your Soul, and ſigh, and covet:
Love to my ſenſe ſuch pleaſing Motions brought,
That I was loſt in my own various Thought.
Man. Sweet Creature! Oh my Soul how I adore thee!
The tranſport of whoſe touch has power to kill:
If I ſhou'd viſit often, ſpeak ſweet Charmer,
Will you be alwayes true? always thus Conſtant?
Fick. Conſtant! Alas! What power have *I* to change,
When you poſſeſs my Heart.
Manl. My Soul!
Fick. My Heart!
Manl. My Life! My Vital Spirits! Oh Heaven I, fool my ſelf in too much Love, and dote on my own Happineſs.
Kneels and Kiſſes her Hand.
Fick. He's finely caught! Wit, where art thou now?
Manl. Erring Philoſophers, that Knowledge prais'd

Above the Bliſs of Women, Women, Delicious
Women, Women the
Quinteſſence of Nature: Heavens Treaſures
Fram'd to enrich Mankind, and make 'em Deities:
Travel, fond Cynick, through the ſpacious Globe;
Dive through the Sea; thence through the Airy Region
Soar, to find out new pleaſures; and at laſt,
When thou haſt known the Joys of Earth and Heaven,
Belive with me it terminates in Women.

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam your Kinſman is below, and deſires the favour of your Company.

Fick. Unfortunate Minute; for Heavens ſake Sir begone: I am undone if he ſees you. Heark! he's coming up.

Manl. Was ever Fate like mine——Wear this, Sweet Creature, and remember me—— [*A Ring.*
So! adieu Divineſt, Sweeteſt, Kindeſt! O Heaven!
Muſt I be gone?—— [*Exit* Manley.

Fick. Ha, ha, ha; I think I did it to the life! *Silvia*, didſt thou hear our Court?

Silv. Yes Madam; and I ſwear I pity the poor deceiv'd Gentleman.

Fick. Pity him! prithee talk no more on't: but who is that below?

Silv. the Young Brisk Gentleman that fell in love with you yeſterday; he that your Ladyſhip gave the Song to.

Fick. Tell him I'le come to him. [*Exit* Silvia.
Now for a Brisk Airy humour to agree with the Temper of this Fool.
This is the moſt eaſie Fop of all my Pretenders.
There needs no Net for him; his own actions are
His beſt Betrayers. The other two I confeſs have
More wit: But what then? Love makes a Dunce of a
Counſellor, and their fondneſs proves as prejudicial
As t' others folly. O Men! Silly Men! That fetter'd with
A Smile, forget the Buſineſs of their Creation; the Motives
Of their Honour; and the ſafety of their Countrey——Thus
Far my revenge is proſperous; and I'le forward. My Panthers
Breath ſhall draw 'em to the Snare; my Tongue ſhall
Charm; my Smiles kindle Loves Fire in their amorous
Souls, till they're ſcorch'd ſeverely; then forſake 'em:
Whilſt in my Breaſt, my Heart obdurate Flint
Shall hear, and yet not pity.
Thus all [illegible] know that were like me refus'd,
No Serpent like a Woman when abus'd. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III.

Scene I.

Enter Sir Arthur Oldlove (*ridiculously dreſt, hung with Medals*) Tilbury, Jollyman, Dorell.

[*A Table with Scull, Sword, Vial, Shooing-horn, Box and Picktooth*, cum cæteris.

Sir Arth. SIR, 'tis no matter what the World thinks. The World think ſwhy let it think, I ſay, once agen; 'tis ſuch as we redeem loſt time from its Chaos of Confuſion; Is there any thing more pleaſant than Antiquities? The knowledge of the diſtinction of Ages, or the deeds and manners of the Ancient, I ſay, is there any thing more pleaſant?——Oh happy *Romans* that took this into conſideration, for my own part I am nothing, a man of Ignorance, a meer Reptile in theſe Rarities.

Joll. Every man in his humor, and let the World rub; Appetite and Fancy are two great Monarchs that ſway Mortality, and hang pinching, udsbores 'tis fit they ſhou'd be ſatisfi'd; but good *Sir Arthur*, what are theſe? Doubtleſs theſe are Rarities too.

Sir Arth. Right Sir, and ſuch Rarities, that were their worth valu'd, the *Weſt Indies* were too ſmall to Purchaſe them.

Tilb. I warrant this has been ſome Princes or great mans Scull, 'sbodikins he looks ſtill with the face of Authority.

Sir Arth. Fie, fie, Sir, your Hat on: This Relique ſhould be toucht with reverence, but your ignorance muſt excuſe all——Pray ſtand a little back—— and give attention——This Scull, this noble prudent politick Scull, once belong'd, or as I may more properly ſay, was pertinent to the Body of *St. Gawaine*, a Knight of the Round Table.

Tilb. St. Gawaine! A *Dutchman*, was he not? I believe I know ſome of his Relations.

Sir Arth. A *Dutchman!* oh inſupportable——Sir, did you ever know a Relique made of the Scull of a *Dutchman*? No, he was a *Britain* Sir, a hardy *Britain*! and Nephew to the famous King *Arthur* of happy memory; and this Scull was late reſident in *Dover* Caſtle, brought thither by a fam'd Antiquary, whoſe name time has outworn, and ſince purchas'd by me, to illuſtrate this City, amongſt the reſt of my memorable Antiquities.

Joll. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Sir Arth. And this here is the fam'd Hero, *Sir Lancelot du Lake's* Sword.

Tilb.

Tilb. I'le warrant this has been the death of many a Constable; but methinks, *Sir Arthur*, the Rust has been a little too bold with it.

Sir Arth. Ah Sir! Rust adds to Antiquity, 'tis our Friend: And we that are skill'd in these matters, can by the Rust on a Sword tell how long it has been durable.

Foll. Hang pinching, 'twas well-discover'd; I see a man may live and learn, tho' he be never so old, good Sir, forward.

Sir Arth. This here is a Shooing-horn, d'mark me—Hats off still—Pray observe it——a Shooing horn———

Foll. 'Tis so———

Sir Arth. This shooing-horn, Gentlemen, the first that ever was invented, was, with reverence be it spoken, the necessary implement of the Queen of *Sheba*, and left by her careless Chambermaid at *Jerusalem*, after her visit to King *Solomon*.

Tilb. By *St. Jago* an admirable discovery, 'sbodikins who would have thought so much ancient Honour could depend upon a shooing-horn.

Foll. Very strange! very strange! by St. *Jago*, as you say; but the stranger the merrier, the merrier the better company, and so hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. This is the Silver box that *Nero's* Beard was kept in; 'twas in the *Vatican* 300 Years, and lately presented to me by a Friend of mine, a man of great authority in *Rome*.

Tilb. Somewhat like a Tobacco-box ———

Sir Arth. No comparisons, good Sir, but observe, this is the Rubbing-Brush of *Silvius Otho*, and this the Picktooth of *Heliogabalus*.

Foll. Carefully preserv'd from the ruines of time,
To grace your Study, *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arthur. Lastly, this last ——tho' most precious and best of all my Reliques; this Vial is full of the tears of St. *Jerom*, in former Years pendant upon the Spire of St. *Sepulchres* Steeple; but by my indulgent care and great charge redeem'd from thence when the City was on fire.

Tilb. A thing of moment, Sir, and worth your diligence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's two Gentlemen below desire admittance.

Tilb. 'Sbodikins my Sons, my Sons: *Sir Arthur*, I order'd them to come hither, that they might see the Ladies you writ me word of. Friend shew 'em the way up——— [*Ex.* Serv.

Sir Arth. You did well Sir; *Dorell*, go see if my Neece be at leisure, and bid my daughter come hither. [*Ex.* Dor.

Foll. Ay, ay, come, hang pinching, let's see the Lady, let Women make up the Consort, and then let the World rub, there's mirth and frolick in't, but without Women, udsbores 'tis prolix, 'tis impertinent, tis every

every thing ill, and nothing well; hang pinching, Women, Women, I say.

Tilb. Well said 5-and-50, by St. *Jago* thou grow'st young agen, thou 'rt a very Boy.

Joll. Not frozen, not frozen, heart whole, and warm enough to keep out Weather; udsbores, when I was 1-and-20, I was the sprightly'st Fellow--I cou'd have sung and danc'd, and leapt and jumpt--hey troll--faith ——but 'tis past now——however I am sound——hem——not so old, but I am a jolly man still, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. Well, I say still, there's nothing so becoming as Gravity.

Enter Zechiel, Toby *and* Flaile.

Tilb. *Zechiel*——my Boy——how dost thou——kiss me sirra——'sbud I am glad to see thee—they tell me y' are grown an arch Wag—hah——how now? what *Metamorphosis* sirra! where got you them Cloaths? [*To* Tob.

Tob. Now must I give him a private Item, or this ignorant old Fool will disgrace me before all the company. [*Takes him aside.*

Tilb. Oh! are they so Sir? Well, God give ye joy:
But *Zechiel*, prithee, what News in Town?
Dost thou thrive——hah————

Zech. Thrive! there's a *Salisbury* question already; upon honour, 'tis pity my Father was no better bred: Sir, the nourishing fecundity pertinent to our sphere, has bestow'd a better Talent on me than can be possibly acquir'd by Fortunes donation, and therefore—Noble *Sir Arthur*, I sue to kiss your hand——I was so bury'd in my Fathers Caresses, that I protest my Eyes were Traytors——

Sir Arth. Sir! I hope you and *I* shall have a nearer affinity and knowledge of one another ere long. [Tob. *surveys* Sir Arth. *Cloaths.*

Tilb. By *St. Jago* my pains were ill employ'd else! Why I came to Town for that purpose—

Sir Arth. But where's your Brother, Sir?

Zech. Here Sir——taking a particular view of your Habit——Upon Honour *Sir Arthur*, methinks your Cloaths are not made according to Mode.

Sir Arth. Mode——ah good Sir, no more o' that, no Modes I beseech you: my Habit is the Mirror of my Mind, little do you know the value of this outside, Sir in brief, 'tis more than the Kings three Dominions can purchase.

Tob. Udshash I'd like to have spoil'd all, I took him for a Morrice-Dancer.

Sir Arth. To display my meaning more plainly Sir, this Medal was the Badge of peace 'twixt *Scanderberg* and the *Turk*; this was the Doublet

Doublet of *Gustavus Adolphus*; and these Breeches, renown'd be the tatter'd Linings, were the Breeches of *Pompey the Great*; he was call'd *Pompey the Great*, by reason of these great Breeches.

Foll. Peace be to the ancient Cobwebs betwixt the seams; *Sir Arthur*, your Servant, I must go seek my son: Odsbores here's the Lady—— I'll stay a little longer now, and let the World rub——

Enter Constantia.

Sir Arth. How now, where's my Neece?

Const. Gone to the Park Sir, with my Lady *Arbella*.

Sir Arth. Park! What without my permission? Passion o' me, I shall have her stol'n. Huswife, this is your fault, you are still prating to her of the pleasure of Intrigues as you call 'em; Well, these new damnable Customs utterly undo the Nation.

Const. Sir, I am not her Gaurdian, tho' you are; nor do I think it a particular of my duty to pry into her actions.

Foll. This certainly the Lady *Hurry* told me of, Odsbores a merry Mushrum I'le warrant her.

Sir Arth. Well, since 'tis so, we must practise patience, and Mr. *Tilbury* it shall be my care hereafter to have her ready for your sons addresses—in the mean time, pray Daughter know this Gentleman, whom I have elected for your husband, [*Zech. hides his face, and goes backward.*] And let it be a mark of your duty to use him kindly. Come, Sir, along along——a young brisk Fellow, and so backward——fie.

Zech. The very same Woman I affronted in the *Mall*; what shall I do, she'll discover me.

Tilb. Why how now sirra, what flinch, recreant dastard—Bodikins thou art a disgrace to th' Family; th' *Tilburies* have been good Holders-forth for above this 90 Years, and shall they now be dash'd like a Knight at a Bear-beating; for shame, to her, to her agen I say, by *St Jago* I'll cudgel thee forward if thou dost not. [Toby *breaks the Vial.*

Sir Arth. Mercy a'me, what's that?

Tob. No harm, no harm, only a little Vinegar Bottle, an accidenta Mischance, as I hope to be sav'd *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arth. How! the Vial! oh Heaven! the Vial! What *St Jerom*! *St Jerom*'s tears! oh Hell! Fate! Death! Destiny! I'm undone, lost, ruin'd for ever—the Vial! *St Jerom*'s tears spilt, the Holy Relick spoil'd; oh I am miserable, oh insupportable loss. Out of my doors thou Varlet: away; I abominate thee, detest thee, and thy whole Race, for this deed; away I say, *St Jerom*! *St Jerom*! oh dismal accident!

Tilb. Good Sir have patience, I'll make restitution.

Sir Arth. Patience! Restitution! 'sbud both the *Indies* cannot do't: Hadst thou burnt my House, murder'd my Wife and Daughter, stol'n my Plate, any thing but this, I cou'd have forgiven, but to disoblige

St.

St Jerom, St Jerom; O insufferable! insufferable! 'tis a capital crime, and not to be forgotten!—— [*Exit.*

Tilb. Sirra, this is your unlucky hand. Come, we must go and comfort him, he'l run mad else—— [*Ex.* Tilb. Joliman.

Const. So I hope this accident, and my Fathers anger, will be a means to keep me from the future impertinences of this Fop. Lord! how you look, Sir. What's the matter?

Zech. Nothing, Madam: onely a little troubled at my Brothers late miscarriage, and the disturbance of the Company.

Const. You may repair that inconvenience in the *Mall* to night Sir—there will be variety.

Zech. A pox on her she has discover'd us! Well, Madam, I guess your meaning; and, though my behaviour express'd a little too much the freedom of the age. That I can give my self this satisfaction, That I did nothing but what was Courtly, and like a Gentleman.

Const. A Gentleman of the first rate I grant, Sir; that is an insignificant Squire, whose addresses are so formal and common, that your *Fleetstreet* Prentices have better, whose head, hands, and body are diversly imploy'd in fashioning a bow; and, when he speaks, he might be call'd a walking Bagpipe, being oblig'd to his Nose for gracing his utterance.

Tob. Nay, if you talk of Noses, here's a Nose, and udshash, under the Rose, another manner of Nose than yours is, if you go to that.

Const. Suitable to the owners person, I confess; and were my judgment askt in this particular, I shou'd guess your Nose and Understanding to be much of a length; onely there is this difference, your Nose is more visible, but both very equivalent to your person and behaviour.

Tob. Madam, let me intreat you to be so much your own friend, as not to question my behaviour. The shame will be yours, if you do, I assure you that——'Sbud, I knew how to behave my self, before you knew how to——(mum, I had like to have spoke it——)to discern behaviour.

Const. Your brisk air, bone Meine, and gentile garb expresses it, Sir. You are the exact picture of your Brother there: Nature drew you from its Copy. And, Sir, she has furnisht you, as the World may see, and you your self doubtless imagine, with all graces pertinent to your Sex: but we are seated in so relentless an Air, that I protest I am blind to your perfection, and you appear to me a very ordinary person, considering the advantages you have of impertinence, impudence, and good Clothes. What your Brother may be in my Lady *Fickles* eyes I know not: but if she desires his Company as little as I yours, we shall both sleep without dreaming.

Zech. Damme, I'le be gone. This eternal sneerer will jear me to a Consumption. Come *Toby*, let's to the Tavern, and rore to night: I'le warrant

warrant thee I'le procure a couple of Females, that shall be good Company, and glad of ours—This is the most everlasting Repartee—Ounds, she has given me the Griping of the Guts in studying an Answer—Come, come away.

Tob. Will, I am certainly the unlucky'st fellow in the World: Why should I not now be as witty as thee?—but onely Natures a son of a Whore, Destiny's a Slut, and Fortune's a Bitch; or else men had had predominance in talk, not Women: well, the Devil will have e'm for't one day, that's my comfort. [*Exeunt.*

Const. Hard fate of Women, that bestow your hearts where is no return: and that often hate such as love 'em. If *Manley* knew I lov'd him, I question the success, and yet without a hazard nothing is perfected: I wonder I have no answer of my Letter. I'm sure he had it; but I must have patience; I expect th' event, as time gives opportunity.

Enter Jollyman.

Joll. Your, servant Lady.
Your Father's in an extravagant rage yonder about breaking his Vineger Bottle, His Relique, as he calls it. Nothing can pacifie him. He swears he will fill another with his own tears, and never stir abroad till 'tis finisht.

Const. 'Tis, what pleases his humour, Sir. I hope he has gain'd so much of time to satisfie himself in every particular, without disgracing his Quallity, or reproaching his years.

Joll. Prettily exprest, that: Udsbores, Madam, you speak well, pithy, and to the purpose. My Son *Harry* has a Love-intrigue with a Lady that lodges in this house, and, pardon my presumption, at first I thought you to be the person.

Const. No Sir! I am not the person; and because I am loath to see good nature abus'd, I'le tell you a secret. Therefore know, this person your Son loves is at this time engag'd to twenty besides this old Gentlemans son you saw here.

Joll. How! Twenty pretenders!

Const. At least, Sir; all which she wheadles for revenge or profit, without the least design of Love or Marriage: for, to tell you the truth, Sir, (however secretly she carries it) she's marry'd already.

Joll. Why when my son is wheadled.

Const. Very near the brink of a precipice, assure your self.

Joll. I'le go instantly and disengage him: This was a lucky discovery. My Son gull'd! no, my Caution shall secure him from the danger, and then let the World rub.

Const. Sir, I had not presum'd to so free a Relation, had I not known how nearly it concerns you, who beare an estimable Character

amongſt the greateſt Grandees. Sir, I beg your pardon, I muſt viſit my Father. [*Ex.* Conſtance.

Joll. Udsbores, a Woman of pretty parts, and methinks of an excellent humour——hah---old *Harry*, not ſo old yet, but ſuch a Nut may be crackt: but more of this hereafter. Now to my Son, I'le get his neck out of the Nooſe, and then follow my own Deſignes as occaſion ſerves. [*Exit.*

Scene 2. *Covent-Garden. Letter.*

Harr. Melancholly is either the dregs of Sickneſs or Love, and may properly be term'd the poiſon of life, and the odium of Society; for a Man of wit that is melancholly, and ſayes nothing, is in my opinion, as unneceſſary a Creature, as a man that wants wit, and ſayes every thing.

Man. I have as few pretenſions to Melancholly, as to the Wit you ſpeak of; the one diſagreeing with my Conſtitution, and the other ſurpaſſing my Capacity. 'Tis true, I am ſomewhat troubled at the receipt of a Paper here, which is the reaſon my face is not dreſt in my wonted air: but I think 'twill hardly induce me to be very melancholly.

Harr. A paper! prithee, What is't, a Challenge?

Man. No, Sir, I have good fortune ſeldom to look on ſuch Miſſives as Challenges with a clouded brow. 'Tis a Letter from a ſtranger that knows my Amours, and takes the confidence upon her to tell me here, My Miſtreſs is the moſt inconſtant of Women.

Harr. I'l lay my life, a malicious deſign of ſome Jilt or orher, that intends you for her particular uſe.

Man. The Letter diſcovers ſome affection in the Writer: but my thoughts can never carry me to a belief, it can come from any of my former Miſtreſſes: for I know none of 'em is acquainted with my preſent Intrigue——here prithee read it.

Harr. reads. *IF your Sex had as great a value for ſincere affection, as for inconſtancy, you wou'd not be ſo ignorant of your preſent condition, nor cheriſh a Serpent that delights to ſting ye; I mean your Miſtris, who, to my knowledge, hates ye, as much as another loves you, whom your ſelf-will'd indifference has made miſerable.*

I confeſs this is Myſtical: yet carries a greater reſemblance of truth then firſt I imagin'd.

Man. An Oracle, by heaven: and the Devil is ſo cunning, that with imaginary doubts, it adds an intollerable addition to my misfortunes.

Harr.

Harr. 'Tis certainly a general plague, pertinent to all Mankind; for I have a Mistriss I mistrust too, and were she not extremely obliging when I am with I her, shou'd be more dubious: for I never come to visit her, but some Kinsman or other comes to interrupt us: so that certainly she must have a *World* of Relations, or else I have this Misfortune, to come just at their hours for business———

Man. My fate to a tittle: by heaven, just so I am tormented. I am scarce yet whithin doors——but I am molested with some Uncle or other.

Harr. She calls her self *Cleio*, one of the Muses; and, to pursue that humour, I went to visit her last night, and ingag'd three or four friends to entertain her with a Dance, where we were fain to stay an hour ere we cou'd get admittance.

Man. I hope at last your patience was well rewarded by her kind acceptance of your gallantry?

Harr. Indifferently: she appear'd to be very merry, and expresst a graceful thanks for the diversion I gave her; for, the Truth is, I accosted her in this manner, the more to endear her to approve my passion, I having that very morning spoke with one, that ignorantly comfest, his Father brought him to Town upon design to Marry her.

Man. That was a lucky discovery. I hope you was not idle in your endeavour of supplanting him——

Harr. No gad, I did make the best on't I cou'd: for I went instantly to her, and with the best Rhetorick I had, endeavour'd to weed the Fool out of her thoughts. 'Twas fortunes bounty also to me, to find her at leisure, and alone; for had her Guardian Uncle, Sir *Arthur*, been at home, it had been impossible to have had any access, to her.

Man. Who, Sir! Who? pray that last again.

Harr. Sir *Arthur Oldlove*, the Antiquary here in *Bridges-street*; she is his Niece, a Widow, an approv'd fortune.

Man. Hell and the Devil! The very same Woman I have so sigh'd for: but I see he's ignorant that I am his Rival, and I'l get all I can out of him, that I may have the more to upbraid her with: Well Sir, you made a happy conclusion, I doubt not she was kind without scruple afterwards, hah——

Harr. By Heav'n, kinder than I expected: she told me, I had the largest share in her heart, and spoke the sweetest, softest things, 'twould melt a man to hear. I presented her a pair of Diamond Pendants, which she unwillingly receiv'd; and, as a Crown of my courtship, told me at parting, she had just before thrust away an impertinent Suitor, that came to make addresses, purposely to make room for me.

Man. Very well. Dam her, she entertains a Legion: I'l visit her instantly, and with the extremest sentiments of rage and jealousie, show'r my afflicted thoughts into her perfidious breast.

Harr. What say'st thou, was it not pleasant? what a pox, not a word? methinks thou dost not relish my discourse.

Man. As well as a Rival can Sir: One that has the fate to follow the wheel of your Chariot, whilst you triumph in Loves Empire: Hark ye, for your further satisfaction, this Woman you speak of is my Mistriss too, the very same person intimated in this Letter: one that I have Courted this six Moneths, and was in hopes within a week more to have Marry'd.

Harr. How, Sir, Marry'd to my Mistriss?

Man. Ay, Sir, to our general Mistress; for, as far as reason imbellishes my judgment, I am apt to believe you, and I come but in the Reer of twenty more.

Harr. Now the plots unravell'd: I begin to have a knowledge of the visitant Kinsman that us'd to molest us.

Man. One of which I'm of opinion often usurp'd your shape: all will out at last, Sir. And, I'm resolv'd *I'll* not rest till *I'm* resolv'd, that *I* may be in a capacity of revenging my self in the Blood of him that dares usurp my right in her affection. [*Ex.* Manly.

Harr. Fortune was a damn'd Jilt to make me discover my intrigue, nay to my Rival, the onely man I should conceal it from. Well, I must not sleep in this business: if she be false, my loss is the less, but, if constant,

My Sword my Rival's claims must strait remove,
Bravely he dies that Victim falls to Love. [*Exit.*

Enter L. Fickle, Arbella, *and* Friendlove *disguis'd.*

Arb. So much Beauty, and so many attractive Graces, *I* know cannot want adorers: but, too many Lovers, Madam, in my opinion, is like too much Money; the abundance of enjoying, takes away the pleasure of possession.

L. *Fick.* What you call much Beauty in Me, is so little, that this complement you make me, argues, Madam, a defect in your judgment: and as to my servants, which you call my adorers, they are so few, and those so meanly fetter'd, that *I* am beholden to fortune more than Beauty, for the credit *I* have got in the World.

Arb. Fy, fy; *I* swear you wrong your self: your perfections are the general discourse of the Town.

Fick. The impertinence of Fops and Citizens——a man of wit can find a better subject.

Arb. I hope you think my Lord *Bellamore* a Wit; and, to my knowledge, you are the only Saint he adores: a pretty man, by Heav'n, tall, strait, and well proportion'd, onely a little vain, and intollerable Talker, that's his worst fault.

Fick.

Fick. Now is this, to my knowledge, a Lye of her own invention, The monſtrous effects of envy and jealouſie —— [*Aſide.*

Arb. The happineſs I wiſh you, you may gueſs in the contentment I ſhall receive in ſeeing you ſo well marry'd.

Fick. If conſtancy and immaculate affection may merit happineſs, *I* doubt not but to have as large a portion as another; but want of deſert makes me ſuſpect th'event, although *I* know he loves me —— This ſearches her —— [*Aſide.*

Arb. *I*nſufferable! confeſſion! Oh *I* cou'd kill her. [*Aſide.*

Fick. Happy chance! ſee yonder he comes.

Arb. *I*'ll take my leave.

Fick. Oh fy! By no means, Madam, pray ſtay a little longer.

Arb. *I* will not for the World. Some other time *I*'ll give you a reaſon. Till when, your humble Servant.

Enter Bellamore, *as ſhe goes out, meets her.*

Bell. Madam! the Park's unhappy, ſo ſoon to loſe the pleaſure of your company.

Arb. Your ear my Lord—— *Whiſpers.*

Fick. rere is certainly ſome plot contriving, her wheadling me and whiſpering with him ſufficiently declares it: and, by heaven, *I*'ll ſearch into the depth of Magick, but *I*'ll find it out; *I* am already ſufficiently prepared with arguments: and, the more difficulty lies in the matter, the better 'tis often performed: hard ſhifts, and dangerous plots ſuit womens wits better than dull adventures; and whilſt in tedious ſearch dull men run on, armed by our minutes thought, the thing is done.

Bell. To morrow, Madam, I will not fail—— *Ex.* Arb. Now if you had ſo much Divinity in you, as would amount to a ſcruple of Conſcience, you'd be in a continual fear of future ill, for drawing me from the innocent converſation of this Lady.

Fick. The innocent converſation!

Bell. Ay, Madam. She's a Soul ſaving Creature, a female Moraliſt, her diſcourſe is a continual Sermon, and has the ſame influence that an Ague has upon me, I do ſo tremble.

Fick. *I* imagined it a kind of quaking Zeal, never durable an hour

Bell. *Jack Manly*, thine, Dear Rogue!

Enter Manley.

Man. What Melancholly! qualmiſh! The ſting of a debauch laſt night *I* warrant.

Fick. By heav'n, my t'other Suitor. 'Twas happy I brought my Masque —— This will disguise me —— [*Puts on her Masque.*

Man. In one sence you are right; for, Loves grand influence consider'd nearly, is but a debauch, and we our selves the Parasites that sooth it.

Bell. 'Tis so: and therefore why shou'd men of honour, that practice the distinction, and know better, resent its treachery? Prithee, what is it, *Jack*?

Man. A thing of nothing, and yet every thing that cou'd torment me! Oh that dull appetite shou'd make a Monarch of the slave of Nature, to tyrannize over that noble Soul that gave it first its being.

Bell. Dangerous resentments, by heav'n, *Jack*; but prithee discover, come, be genuine.

Man. I receiv'd a Letter this morning from a stranger, skill'd it seems in my Amour, full of invectives against my *Celia*; especially of her inconstancy. This I confess troubled me, for the reasons urg'd; it had some appearance of Truth: and afterward conferring with young *Follyman*, whose misfortune seem'd to suit with mine, he made so ample a discovery, that I found we were Rivals, and that this false one carrest him more then me: and, in all probability, entertains several others. This put me into so extravagant a rage, that had not my curiosity of knowing the truth, ty'd my hand, my Sword had pleaded my interest; I am going now to her Lodging to be resolv'd ——

Fick. If he had seen me now, here had been fine work! How near are my plots to discovery? —— [*Aside.*

Bell. Gad 'tis a business of importance.

Man. So much, that by heaven I am resolved to search it through. [*Exit.*

Fick. O! now will I instantly home, and perswade him, that all is false, and onely the motions of envy. Come, my Lord, shall wo go— *Dorel*, bid the Coachman come round to St. *James's* Gate.

Bell. What is that Fellow? I never saw him before.

Fick. Sir *Arthur* entertain'd him in his service to day, to look to his accompt.

Bell. And brush his antiquities ——ha, ha, ha.

Fick. Never was man so besotted: he dares not sleep o'nights for fear of Thieves.

Bell. Dam him and his old Imaginations: Let us mind our own business: Come, let's to the Mulberry Garden; I ha' not treated you this week: methinks we live already as we were Marry'd, not a word of Love in a whole Scene of Discourse.

Fick. 'Tis better i'th' Heart than in the Tongue; besides, from a Man of quality, Love has so strange a sound: no, in my opinion, the Eyes are the best Orator, and now and then the Serious Look, with a short sigh for a Prologue.

Bell.

Bell. Thus! ha!

Fick. And sometimes the exalting the hand to the lip, with a short Kiss and away.

Bell. Thus. [*Kisses her.*

Enter Manley.

Man Now *I* consider better, *I* shall have occasion to be punctual to an hour: My Lord, prithee lend me your Watch: hah —— blood and death! What do *I* see?

Fick. Return'd agen! this was a curs'd trick of fate.

Man. Ungrateful Traitress! now *I* plainly see (all *I* have heard is true.) Perfidious *Celia*: more false than Crocodils, that mourn the slain, and yet delight to kill 'em: Do you not blush? Are you so arm'd with impudence, this object cannot startle? ye this beguil'd object, that bath'd his passion in warm Tears of blood, and laid it at your feet, deceitful *Celia*.

Bell. *Celia*! What a mistake is this, by heaven my Friend's mad.

Fick. Now wit assist me, or *I*'m lost. Mad —— Why d'ee not see't? look, look how his eyes roll; how pale his lips are; see how his Perriwig stares with his wild passion; his hands and body tremble. Oh this *Celia*'s a cruel wretch.

Man. Ah, perfection of ill: Wou'd you convert your infamy? Disguise your falshood in my shroud of madness? No, no; it shall not do. Madam, all shall out, assure your self it shall.

Fick. So handsome, so well comps'd a man: Oh heavens, what pity 'tis: run, my Lord, run to the Gate, and call your Footmen to fetch a Doctor; two hours in such a fit will kill him.

Man. Stay, my Lord, and hear me —— *I*'ll discover all —— This Lady ——

Fick. Ah, delay not a minute, as you love his life! [*Shreeks out.* My Lord ——away, away.

Bell. Poor *Manley*, thou shall not die for want of so small a Courtesie. [*Exit.*

Man. Well, Madam, what's your design in this? what new plot is contriving?

Fick. Oh heav'n! Am *I* thus requited? Sir, *I* never expected such an action from you: Was there no way to augment my misery but this? [*Weeps.*

Man. Your misery! Ha, ha, ha. Your misery! ——

Fick. You know well enough, that this is the person my Uncle designs to Marry me, and that 'tis impossible for me ever to see you, if he knows you are his Rival.

Man. Hah, this may be true; for he has formerly told me something of

an Intrigue like this: Well, suppose this true, Madam, *I* am sure Mr. *Jolliman* is a person not interested in your Uncles favour, though in yours.

Fick. *I*n mine! That an impertinent Serenador, only accepted for the Company's sake he brought with him, shou'd have the impudence to talk thus.

Man. He protested it to me a truth, and swore your extravagant favour exceeded his hopes.

Fick. And you believ'd it: Well, *I*'ll take care with whom *I* trust my heart agen——— [*Weeps.*

Man. Ugh, *I* can hardly believe this; yet sure these tears are real, it must be so——Come, *I* do believe thee, forgive me *Celia*; and consider how insupportable is Jealousie log'd in a Lovers breast.

Fick. If *I* had not hit of this plot, what shou'd we have done then? *I* warrant you won't beleve *I* love you yet.

Man. By this *I* do, thou hast confirm'd it in me. [*Exit.*

Fick. He'll come back immediately, and *I* wou'd not have him see you for the World, therefore be gone, *I*'ll expect you this Evening at my Uncles.

Man. *I* will not fail you Sweet, *I* am glad it happens thus.

Fick. Ha, ha, ha!

Thus with the snowy Veil of *I*nnocence,
Contriving Women cover their pretence;
When Women weep, look Gallants, for surprize,
For all deceit lies drench'd in wat'ry eyes.

Enter Bellamore *and* Footman.

Bell. There's a Coach ready at the Park Gate. How now, where is he?

Fick. Ah! gone, gone, all my intreaties could not stay him, frighted, *I* believe, at my naming a Doctor; *I* saw him cross the *Mall*, but in such a strange posture, that caus'd both pity and admiration in all that beheld him.

Bell. Poor *Jack*, *I* see the fits of Madness are as sudden, as those of Love, and commonly work the same effects. Fate keep me from the tryal of it; for Excess in any thing is a perfect torment, especially this Modish Passion we Men so hunt after, and which is so generally admir'd, though conducing to Madness.———

He that of Loves ripe Joys takes over measure,
Abates his Bliss, and loses half the pleasure. [Ex.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT.

ACT. IV.

Scene 1.

Enter Sir Arthur, Tilbury, Jollyman, *and* Friendlove, *al.* Dorel,

Sir Arth. URge me no more, Sir, you have my answer, my final and my punctal answer, *I* will proceed no further in this business; nor shall my Neece join issue with a man so wild, and so unfortunate: *St Jerom*'s tears split, my treasure, my chiefest treasure lost, a blessing which this forty Years we cherish'd, snatcht from me in an instant! oh unparallell'd misfortune! *I* say, let him forbear my house.

Tilb. Well, of a Knight, and a Justice of Peace, this is the simplest man of Worship *I* ever saw; good Sir, let it not so nearly concern you, you shall have restitution, by *St Jago I*'ll sell half my Estate, but *I*'ll make you amends; What a Pox, d'ee think *I*'ll be ungrateful?

Sir Arth. Half your Estate! a pretty Proposition; 'sbud, Sir, the Grand Signiors Revenue would not purchase a drop on't.

Foll. A very costly Liquor, by *Mahomet*; *I* think that *Turkish* Oath sounds well——hah——

Sir Arth. Old Oaths are not to be dispis'd, Sir; therefore by *Melchizedech*, which, *I* conceive, was well thought on, my resolution's fixt, your son shall be a stranger to my house, my daughter is not for him, tell him so; 'zlid shou'd he come here, within a Week *I* should have my ancient Medals off the *Romans* plaid of at Gaming-houses.

Tilb. Sir, upon my Reputation, he knows not what belongs to a Gaming-house; alas, Sir! You are ignorant of his Principles, he's Countrey-bred, Sir——Country Learning, Country Manners, and Country Wit; 'sbodikins, he knows nothing of the Town.

Sir Arth. But he may know every thing in time, Sir; and *I*'ll harbour no person within my doors, whose future knowledge is more dangerous then his present.

Foll. Ulds bores, a necessary Maxim.

Sir Arth. Trouble your self no more, Sir, my Will is my Law; and tho' *I* am a Justice of the Peace and *Quorum*, *I* think my proceedings in this both necessary and judicial--My Niece is an Heiress, and there is great care requir'd in her bestowing; nor shall my Daughter match into a Family, when *I* give such evident proofs of my dislike. Mr *Tilbury*, you, as being my old acquaintance, shall be welcome to my house, but give me leave to tell you, my eyes are open'd to your sons folly; you understand me, *I* do not like their tricks, Sir.

Tilb. Tricks Sir! —— I find 'tis you have your tricks Sir — But by *St. Jago* I'll go Fee my Lawyer immediately, force shall compel what-od words cannot persuade; and I've a Bag of old *Harry Groats* have lay'n by me these twenty Years, which I'll scatter amongst the Gowmen, rather than be thus abus'd. [*Ex.* Tilb.

Sir Arth. Old *Harry-Groats*! What pity 'tis so meritorious an Antiquity should be so ill imploy'd —— is he gone?

Dorr. Yes Sir —— just turn'd the corner of the street, in so hasty and discompos'd a manner, that it argues him plotting some business of importance.

Sir Arth. Wou'd he were here agen. Now wou'd I rather his son should have my daughter, than that he should waste any of that precious money.

Foll. Let it go, let it go, there's enough to be had in *Lumberstreet:* But *Sir Arthur*, to my present affair; since you have been so generous to deny him your daughter, I hope my address may be successful.

Sir Arth. Troth, Sir, Hope is very necessary in this affair; and if you can but hope my daughter will like your Person and Years as well as *I* like your Estate, your Hope will have as ample a Field to range in, as any mans *I* know.

Foll. My Person and Years —— Why, Sir, 'tis impossible she shou'd dislike it; whatever my Years are, I Assure you my Imagination is but One-and-twenty.

Sir Arth. But, Sir, in the space of a week, the strength of your Imagination will be worn away, and your Person will be left to the deliberate age of Eight-and-fifty, a month or two over.

Foll. No, 'tis three months under, by my faith, *Sir Arthur*, and what then? with me 'tis an age of 21; Look in my face, Sir, observe how the blood mounts; here, here's your Complection, without art, *fucus*, or any thing —— Then, Sir, peruse my Person —— Hah —— I think I am well set —— Hem — And as sound as another man —— Besides, I can talk well, walk well, and make water well --- which, udsbores, is as provoking a quality as any man is Master of.

Sir Arth. Sir, in a young man I confess these are additions; but a man that has the misfortune to decline into the Vale of Years, were he really Master of all this, wou'd not get credit with the world, he would not be believed.

Foll. Not believ'd! Sir, my Actions shall give continual demonstration, I am not in the Catalogue of your infirm persons; my Back, Sir, is strong, my Body active; nor has my infirmity been so much my Foe, to abate any part of my vigour: But *I* can Run, Wrestle, Fight, or Play a Game at Tennis with any Spark i'th' City, and let the World rub. To confirm you, you shall see me do't --- (Not believ'd!) Udsbores you shall see me Ride the Great Horse, or jump over a Stick for the King of *England*.

Sir Arth.

Sir Arth. Well Sir, I will consider on't--- in the mean time address your self to my daughter; come, you shall sup with me: *Dorrel*, if any one ask for me—— I am not at leisure——be careful, and let no eye be Spectator of my Rarities without my knowledge, come Sir—— [*Ex.*

Dorrel *manet.*

Dorrel. The uncertain Dice of Fate thus far run well, and my designs are prosperous——My disguise, shroud to my troubled mind as well as person, secures me yet from knowledg; and my eye attains the liberty to gaze at all her actions, and yet pass undiscover'd —— Oh curs'd Jealousie, how crooked are thy paths!

Enter Bellamore *and* Arbella.

Bell. Unconstant, and to me! by Heaven 'tis so strange a Notion, that methinks 'tis incredible.

Arb. And why incredible? Lord how you Men are deceiv'd in your opinion! You term your selves Princes and Lords of Nature, imagining the easie tempers of Women slaves to your nobler quality: and yet for all your pretences, to my knowledge some of you are often mistaken.

Bell. Well, if she be false ——

Arb. What then?

Bell. Why then she's damn'd, that's one Comfort however; but Madam, this extroardinary favour in you, obliges me in gratitude to a return. Shall I wait on you to your Lodging? by Heav'n I hate ingratitude. Come Madam, what satisfaction?

Arb. Such a question to a mercenary Spirit, might perhaps be accepted under the Notion of gratitude, but you having a perfect knowledg of my quality, and obliging temper, give me leave to tell you my Lord, 'twas very unbecoming, especially from the mouth of a Man of Honour.

Bell. I gad I mean it cordially, and if my service——

Arb. Hold, Sir, y'are observ'd, yonder's Sir *Arthur*'s Man, from him you may doubtless learn the truth of all, my presence will be unnecessary, therefore I'll withdraw—So, I hope this will wean him—— [*Ex.*

Dor. This is one of her Suitors, now for a new discovery, and I'm resolv'd to be prepared for him—— Your Lordships humble Servant——

Bell. Dorrel, Come hither, Iv'e some business with thee.

Dor. 'Tis too much Honour, my Lord.

Bell. I long have lookt on thee as on a Man above the Common Pile of Menial Servants; and since I know thee such, I dare request a secret from thy tongue, to me of great importance; Come, I'll bind the to me in golden Fetters; shall I trust to thee —— [*Gives a Purse.*

Dor. I am your Lordships Creature, and if my ability extend to serve your Lordship, I am proud on't.
sure he has not discover'd me. [*Aside.*

Bell. I'll try thee instantly. The truth is, *Dorrel*, I am grown jealous of my Mistriss, several Reports declare she is unconstant; and tho' I do not positively believe 'em, yet Gad I must confess they trouble me; now I know thou hast a Catalogue of all her Suitors, and know'st all her Intrigues, prithee disclose 'em, am *I* the Man or no, or has she others?

Dor. This is so dangerous a point, my Lord, *I* know not how to answer.

Bell. Fear nothing, but speak to th' purpose; *I'll* be so much thy friend, thou shalt not need to fear the Frowns of any.

Dor. My Lord, there is one Mr. *Manly* comes hither often.

Bell. So, who else?

Dor. And one Mr. *Jollyman*; *I* heard her swear one night she'd marry him.

Bell. Very good, prithee proceed--oh perfidious Traytress! [*Aside*

Dor. Now has he a fretting Fever on him. Several others there are, my Lord, that visit her as Pretenders; but with what success *I* know not: one of 'em *I* heard her appoint to visit her to night; and because your Lordship shall see how willing *I* am to serve a person of so much worth——Follow me, and *I'll* place you, where you shall, unseen, hear all their Courtship.

Bell. Do that, *I* am thine for ever.

Dor. More then that, owes Tribute to your Bounty; Come my Lord--- [*Ex.*

ENter Manley *and* Constantia.

Man. Can this be real, Madam?

Const. True as Heav'n;
I swear she is the falsest of her Sex,
Designing Love upon fallacious terms,
Without a spark of passion or desire
To possess him that courts her——

Man. Perjur'd Creature,
Oh Heav'n, that Providence gave Man a heart
To lose in such Abyss of Treachery!
But, Madam, is there no ocular proof to be giving of this?

Const. There is, Sir; and to that purpose *I* brought you hither; My Chamber joyns to hers, whence from a private Closet door you may hear all; one of her Suitors is now with her, and by their discourse you may soon gues the truth of her treachery; for doubtless 'twill be amorous enough, and very sutable to such an adventure.

Man. O Dam her! Dam her! *Is* this her Constancy! Madam, the

Debt

Debt of Gratitude *I* owe you for this discovery, is so far above my present ability——

Const. Good Sir, no more of that——but follow me——

Man. All her feign'd Caresses come to this! a Curse upon the Sex—— Madam, *I* wait your leisure. [*Ex. Ambo.*

Scene discovers L. Fickle *in a morning Gown, and* Harry *sitting.*

L. Fick. And cou'd you credit so ridiculous an Asseveration, knowing how tender my Caresses have been to ye? *I* thought my actions might have given you sufficient demonstration of my constancy.

Harr. By heav'n *I* never doubted it, *I* confess *I* was a little surpriz'd to hear him say he was at the expence of six months Courtship, and within a week more it was to terminate in Marriage. But now you have told me his intrigue with Madam *Constantia*, *I* am very sensible of the mistake.——

L. Fick. Had *I* not told you, *I'll* lay my life you wou'd ha' been jealous.

Harr. No, no, Faith *I* shou'd not——jealous!—*I* know *I* have no cause, thou art the Heav'n of truth, and in thy breast *Astrea* reigns and triumps. Suspect thy Faith! what Fiend cou'd be so envious? *I'll* prove thy Constancy as firm as Fate, and against all defend it.

L. Fick. So, *I* think *I* have carry'd matters rarely. [*Aside.*

Harr. But, Madam, pardon me, if *I* presume to ask you why our interview is to be thus i'th' dark?

L. Fick. 'Tis because Sir *Arthur* coming often into the next Room, seeing a Light here, will be very apt to come and disturb us.

Harr. 'Sdeath——*I've* ignorantly left my Sword and Gloves upon the Table there, which shou'd he come in, would infallibly discover my being here—*I'll* go fetch 'em immediately.—— [*Ex.* Har.

Enter Nurse (*with a Light*) *in a Morning Gown.*

L. Fick. How now, what's the matter?

Nur. Oh sweet Madam——ugh—*I* am so out of breath, there's the basest plot contriving——

L. Fick. A Plot! prithee what Plot?

Nur. Where's the Gentleman? get him into another Room, or you'll both be discover'd immediately.

L. Fick. How prithee? by what means?

Nur. Madam *Constantia* has watch'd you all this night, with an intent to betray you; *I* saw her bring Mr. *Manley* into her Chamber, *I'm* confident with design to place him where he may hear the discourse 'twixt you and the Gentleman.

L. Fick.

L.Fick.Manley brought hither by *Conſtantia*! her envy now is apparent—— What ſhall I do *Nurſe*?

Nur. Alas! I know not—Fire the Houſe, I think, and ſay you call'd him in for help.

L.Fick. No, ſo dangerous a Remedy muſt not be try'd—— Hum—— I have it——Sit you down, and perſonate me, our Gowns are alike—— and in the dark there can be no difference in Faces——He's in the next Room, looking for his Sword, when he comes, feign my voyce, and Careſs him like a Lover; in the mean time I'll go, and with a Counterplot deceive both *Manley* and *Conſtantia*.

Proſper deſigns, and by this Act I'll try
Which is the *Witty'ſt Falſe One*, She or I—— [*Exit with the light.*

Nurſe ſits in the Chair.

Nur. Well, I've known the time when I've employ'd my ſelf in ſuch an Adventure with a better Will——But however *I'll* warrant I'll fit him with a Repartee——I am not ſo old, but I can Repartee as well as another, if occaſion ſerve.

Enter Harry *with a Sword.*

Harr. 'Tis ſo dark, that igad *I* could hardly find the Table. Where art thou my Dear?

Nur. Here my Dear.

Harr. I have bin often thinking on the products of time and have often wonder'd how they imploy'd themſelves before the Deluge—— When Love was like the ſtorming of a Caſtle, attain'd by violence, not as now, with fair words, addreſs, and inſinuation; Men were not then ſuch Fools to kiſs a Glove——fall on their knees and ſigh—— igad they were wiſer in thoſe daies—— [*Kiſſes and embraces her.*

Nur. Fie, fie, *I* proteſt you are not civil——D'ee know who *I* am——

Enter Manley *(peeping) and* Conſtantia.

Conſt. D'ee hear 'em Sir——They're yonder in th' Alcove.

Man. I do Madam, and am ſufficiently confirm'd in her treachery; but huſh——let's obſerve.

Conſt. Sir, *I'll* go and get a Coach to the Garden gate, that you may get away undiſcover'd——*I* think—— This was well plotted—— [*Ex Conſtan.*

Nur. I proteſt methinks your carriage is too Licentious, and in my opinion you treat me ill——Your Love ſhou'd ſtill be cloath'd with

a

a respect due to my Youth and Beauty——But I vow you're so wanton——

Man. Very well—she'll deny this anon—— [*Aside.*

Harr. Can any ill arrive from so much Love? *I* swear there cannot, Madam; your charms are ingraven in my heart, and in my soul your virtues—*I* die when you are absent, and 'tis your influence that raises me from death to new-born life, and makes me curran t from the dross of Nature.

Nur. Give me no cause to doubt what you have said, *I* then shall be contented; but *I* protest you Men are so subject to flatter, and we poor tender young creatures are so apt to believe, that it often proves very prejudicial——

Man. She doubts his Love——oh death——*I* shall want patience——

Harr. To flatter thee—by Heav'n 'tis a thing so far from me, *I* hardly know its meaning: Let Parasites, such as get Bread by fawning, flatter their Patrons: Let the empty Fop, that's sensible of some defect in Nature, and sees the little beauty in his Mistriss, flatter her to exalt it; but in me it wou'd appear a Crime unpardonable, your Lustre wants no foils; but like a Diamond in his Native Rock, you shine without the aid of Art or Flattery.

Nur. Now by my quondam Maidenhead this is very pretty; well Sir, you shall find my heart—— [*Coughs.*

Man. And Lungs, pray Heaven—wou'd she might Cough 'em out—she has caught cold with sitting up so late.
Oh damn'd *I*ncendiary. [*Aside.*

Harr. Could *I* live out *Methusalah*'s long Age, or numberd Years with the old Patriarchs, and every day study new themes of Virtue, *I* could not merit half so great a blessing; brightest of Women, fresher than the dew that early sits on Roses——oh *I*'m rapt with my own happiness!

Nur. Well, as *I*'m Virtuous this is fine—*I* see *I* shall not be able to hold out long——*I* shall grow bold with him—*I* hope, Sir, my Love deserves this from you, you have entire possession of my heart——and tho *I* have broke my faith with all my other Suitors, *I*'ve kept it firm for you.

Enter L. Fickle *behind him.*

L. Fick. Sir, Sir! [*Pulls him.*

Man. Limb of the Devil—*I* hear her Madam, *I* hear her.

L. Fick. You should not hear 'em Sir, pray come back, they are Lovers——

Man. Lovers, Dam-'em—Have a little patience, *I*'ll wait on you immediately.

L. Fick.

L.Fick. I sweare you're uncivil, Sir, thus to disturb e'm—for heaven's sake come away—— [*He turns back, sees her, and starts.*

Man. Wonder of wonders—*Is* there two *Celia*'s—or am *I* in a Dream?

Nurse. Yonder's a light—Let's step in here—*I* fear, Sir *Arthur*'s coming—— [*Ex* Harry *and* Nurse.

L Fick. What ailes you, Sir? For heav'ns sake why d'ee stare so! D'ee not know me!

Man. By Heav'n *I* know you not: Are you *Celia*?

L.Fick. What strange questions are these? You know *I* am.

Man. And, is that yonder *Celia* too?

L.Fick. Heav'n! What a humor's this? That *Celia*? No: 'tis a Lady that lodges here, one that Mr. *Jollyman* Courts.

Man. Young *Jollyman*!

L. Fick. Jollyman? yes——What d'ee wonder at? if this humour hold, you need not counterfeit a Madness.

Man. By heav'n you are right—I am mad, stupid, insensibly mad, and have bin so these three hours——'Sdeath, was ever any thing so strange as this? sure I've been enchanted; pray Madam give me leave to question yee, where have you bin all this night?

L.Fick. In my Chamber—Sir——expecting you.

Man. who told you I was here?

L.Fick. Constantia; I met her coming up stairs; and seeing me, she brake into a violent laughter; and asking her the reason, she told me, she had put a pleasant trick upon you; and then fell a Laughing till she shook agen.

Man. I'gad I have bin trickt, that's the truth on't——Oh the Devil! am I thus abus'd?

L.Fick. This from a woman that lov'd yee, is very strange—— who did you expect to find?

Man. You—she told me you was in that *Alcove*, and plac'd me to hear you——where I have stood this half hour in the most insufferable Torture! the Agony of jealousie and despair, that 'tis impossible to expres it.

L.Fick. Me! Did you expect me there; and after all my actions to declare my unspotted constancy, are you still jealous? Ingrateful man!——was ever woman so unhappy? will nothing [*Weeps* make you credit me? I swear I am the most unfortunate of Women. How has my Soul and Heart bin fetter'd to you? How have I dream'd of you, and thought a look to any other man was an offence to Love? slighted the Oaths of Gallants——shunn'd their presence; despis'd their persons, and refus'd their gifts, all——all for you! And do you still suspect me?——Would I could be unconstant! wou'd I had; the power to be so, that I might revenge my self——Oh misery! still suspected! [*Weeps.*

Man.

Man. If she be false, there's no such thing as truth: I'll credit it no more——Madam, I see my error, and thus low sue for pardon——'Tis my last tryal: and I will henceforth more adore thy vertues than ere I did suspect 'em; Thou art the soul of Truth, so excellently good, Nature is proud of her great work; nor will I ever be betray'd agen into the gulf of jealousie, but live blest in thy love, the Prince of all content, and dye old in thy Armes.

Fick. You will relapse agen.

Man. Never by Heav'n——by this kiss I'll never——

Enter Constantia.

Const. Come, Sir, the Coach—— [*Sees* Fick. *and starts.*

Man. May return agen, if it please, Madam—your Servant, you see your plot han't took—— [*Ex.* Man *and* Fick.

Const. This Devil has outwitted me———nay, in this plot, which I thought so securely laid, it was impossible to break it: Her cunning is so prosperous, that I believe Hell designs her for the onely person to wheadle Souls with:

————I'll try once more,
And if my next plot hit not right, give o're. [*Ex* Const.

Enter Harry *and* Nurse——Bellamore *after.*

Bell. Here they are. *I* have from yonder door, now too late, resented her treachery——Dam her! was mine a heart to play with? Were there not Fools enow to feed with hope, but she must flye me——but *I'll* revenge my self immediately——

Harr. Here's some body coming, towards, let's retire, my Dear.

Bell. Sir! *I* have a Message first—— [*Strikes him.*

Harr. Such Messages are thus to be return'd. [*Draws and fights.*

Nurse. Ah help, help! Murder, murder——help, help——

Enter L. Fickle *with a Candle.*

L. *Fick.* What's the matter Nurse? Oh Heav'ns, my Lord *Bellamore*, and Mr. *Jollyman!* How came you hither at this time of night?

Bell. 'Sdeath! What a mistake is this—Have I fought for this Pippin? [*Looking amazedly at* Nurse.

Harr. Zounds! Have I bestow'd all my Caresses and Courtship to night upon this Beldam?

Nurse. Well, Sir; I shall find a time to requite your favours for all your jesting. [*Ex.* Nurse.

Bell. Gad I thought it had been you Madam——

Harr. And so did I, by Heav'n. I durst have sworn 'twas her voice.

Bell. Your thoughts were ill imploy'd, Sir, in a thing that so little concerns you: I hope you have no pretences here.

Harr. How, Sir, no pretences! Has any man?——

Fick. 'Buz: 'Sdeath are you mad! why this [*Stops his mouth.*
is the Person my Uncle designs me to marry—— [*To* Harry.

Bell. Nor is this boldness pleasing, Sir.

L. *Fick.* My Lord, for Heav'ns sake, what d'ee mean? Will you ruine all—This is the very Gentleman my Uncle designs for my Husband——and if he knows you are his Rival ——I'm undone.

Enter Manley.

Man. Come, Madam, Whither do you run? by heav'n I'm so melancholly——without you—— ha', my Lord *Bellamore* and *Jollyman!* 'Sdeath! what new intrigue's this?

L. *Fick.* OFate! Is he come too? What a spiteful minute is this? [*Aside.*
Why Sir! What d'ee mean? D'ee not see my Lord there, unknown
To be, he supt with Sir *Arthur* to night, and has chosen this
Minute to accost me—Stare, stare! counterfeit your self
Mad, or we are lost: Then leave the rest to me.
Pray, Sir, to bed, [*Aloud this.*
To bed. Fye, What mean you by this unseasonble rambling? Sir *Arthur* will be very angry if he knows it. Stare! stare!

Bell. *Jack Manley* here at this time of night——Hark'ee Madam, What makes him here?

L. *Fick.* Sir *Arthur* seeing him in his mad fit, brought him hither to night, with intent to administer a Potion, which he had made for Lunatick persons; and it seems, they left his Chamber door open, and he is got out. Look! look how he stares!

Harr. Gad, 'tis a miracle to me to see him thus——I have often heard him say, Love is the Parent of Dulness, and Wine of Madness. Madam, How came his Misfortune?

L. *Fick.* Love, Sir, Love. Passion for one *Celia,* a Lady i'th' Town here, an obdurate, inconstant person I have heard——and it seems she has wheadled him into this condition.

Man. She shall be drest in Flames! Pendants of Ice shall hang at either ear, and cool her as she burnes——whiz——buz——shugh Bough——she's gone, ha, ha, ha——Ah *Celia!* How sweet were thy amours? Dam her! she eats Onyons——and her Blue Veins are all but coulour'd Lute-strings, in which she hangs her Cupids, Sir—Sir, I would have your Nose par'd less—adieu, adieu, pop——Let me hear no more on't—— [*Ex* Manley.

Bell.

Bell. Had I not seen this, I should have thought it incredible; a man of the Town, and run mad for Love—— by heaven 'tis above the common rate of wonders, and doubtless portends some visible Calamity that threatens the Nation———

Harr. Madam, a word with you.

L. Fick. No whispering, Sir; 'twill cause him to suspect us——you know my promise—visit me to morrow morning, and then by an unexpected choice, I shall declare the man I think most worthy of my Love.

Harr. Enough, I will not fail. I guess the night far spent, and in staying longer I may obstruct your rest: I'll take my leave, Madam, your faithful Servant—— My Lord, your Lordships devoted. He little thinks what pollicy's in this —— *Aside.* [*Ex.* Harry.

L. Fick. Now, Am not I extremely kind, thus to send him away, that I may have the freer discourse with you? I hope you will say this is very obliging.

Bell. I confess it weighs somewhat more than a common favour; but, Madam, I am not yet satisfied in his proceedings; his coming hither so late must be upon some design: and, how that old woman shou'd interpose, is to me a Mystery ——

L. Fick. Oh dull, dull man! why d'ee not see 'twas by my plot? I order'd the light to be taken away, and laid her a Bait for him, purposely to keep my self free from his troublesome *I*mpertinences——

Bell. Was that it? —by heav'n, 'twas a witty one ——

L. Fick. Was that it? what else cou'd it be ——*I* wonder what recompence *I* shall have for this care, in preserving my Love intire, *I* swear, my Lord, you'll be ungrateful.

Bell. No: by heaven *I*'ll heap together as much Love, and strong *I*magination, as wou'd serve forty men, but *I*'ll be out of thy debt—— prithee do not censure till the trial is made: I' gad *I*'m sure *I* never fail'd yet ——— But, when shall be the day?

L. Fick. To morrow, Sir, a sudden thought has so ordain'd it. Visit me in the morning, where *I* suppose will be the rest of my Amoretto's; and you shall see what sentiments of private passion my heart retains for you.

Bell. To morrow! *I* am rapt with the thought on't! To morrow.

Call up the Sun, black shades away;
Bid *Phosphorus* go fetch the Day.

As my friend *Cowley* has it: Madam, *I*'ll be as early as the Lark; nay, by heaven, *I*'m very passionate! You see your Beauties pow'r, Madam———And, *I*'ll go and prepare my self ——

L *Fick.* And I'll go and think of my Purpoſe.

Bell. Think on to morrow night——A pox on purpoſes. [*Ex.* Bell.

L. Fick. You ſhall have reaſon to curſe it, when you know what purpoſe I mean ——

Enter Manley.

Man. Are they gone, Madam?

L. Fick. Both gone, Sir, and full of different hopes——I ſwear the love I bear you makes me commit ſtrange frailties.

Man. Oh my Deareſt, my heav'n of love; How ſhall I recompence thee? My life's ſervice is nothing, if conſider'd. When, when my Sweet?

Fick. To morrow, Sir.

Man. Happy accent!

L. Fick. You carri'd the Plot ſo well, in counterfeiting madneſs,
That I were ingrateful, ſhould I not recompence it. Viſit
Me to morrow morning, Sir; and by a happy choice,
Receive what you have ſo long ſigh'd for.

Man. Oh Tranſport of Delight!
By heav'n I fear I ſhall not live till then,
Exceſs of joy will kill me—— Beſt of women:
Beſt! 'twas too vilely ſaid, thou art ſo good,
By heav'n thou art a Miracle —— and I
The happy man elected to poſſeſs it:
Till the morning comes, I will imploy my ſelf
In thinking on thy Beauties—and then dy
In the poſſeſſion of ſo ſweet a Joy —— [*Exit.*

L *Fick.* Ha, ha, ha, ha——
That Heav'n ſhou'd give man ſo proud a heart,
And yet ſo little Knowledg——Silly Creature,
That talks, and laughs, and kiſſes oft that hand
That ſteals away its Reaſon; As if Nature
Had play'd the Traytor, and ſeduc'd the Sex,
Without the aid of Deſtiny, or Women.
Ah! with what pleaſant eaſe
The Bird might be enſnar'd ——Set but a wanton Look,
You Catch whole Covyes: Nay, there is a Magick
Pertaining to our Sex, that draws 'em in,
Tho' in the long Vacation —— And by Heav'n,
I am reſolv'd to work my ſly deceits,
Till my revenge is perfect ——Thus far I've done well,
And I'll perſevere in the Myſtery.
Wheadle 'em to the ſnare with cunning plots;
Then bring it off with quick deſigning Wit,

And

And quirks of dubious meaning. Turn and wind
Like Foxes in a ſtorme, to prey on all,
And yet be thought a Saint——Thus Queen I'll, ſit
And Hell ſhall laugh to ſee a Womans Wit. [*Ex.* L. Fickle.

ACT. V.

Scene, *The Street.*

Enter Zechiel, Toby, Flail, Jollyman, *Linkboys, and Muſitians playing and ſinging.*

Zech. HEy! rare Boys! rare Boys. Done like ſons of Thunder,
True heirs of mirth and jollity: upon honour we have out-
Example in our frollick to night, the Town ſhall talk of us [done
With admiration, and call us Children of the night; The night,
The happy night. 'Pox o' your day-debauches, the dull and inſipid
Common-way of frollick; give me the night to roar in——

Joll. 'Sbud, well ſaid:
The night or nothing, I ſay——Give me thy hand,
I love thee, Thou art a Merry Wagg: I am pleas'd with't,
Udsbores I am. I thought I had a ſon here too,
But I ſee now he's grown a ſerious Raſcal,
He never ſeeks good Company, ſuch as thine is——
No matter, hang pinching, *I'll* be even with him,
And let the World rub.

Zech. Banter him, banter him, *Toby.* 'Tis a conceited old Scarab, and will yeild us excellent ſport——go play upon him a little——exerciſe thy Wit——

Tob. Not *I*, uds haſh——*I* had liketo have had my head broke with his Halbert juſt now, for going about to exerciſe my wit.

Joll. Come, another Song, another Song, my merry Wags,
And hang pinching, I'll make a third man——hem——

SINGS.

And underneath the Greenwood Tree
This Youngſter laid her down a,
And there he Kiſt her once or twice,
Sing hey derry, derry, derry, down, a.

Zech.

Zech. O brave old Signior——*Flail!* Sirra, Bandog, what a pox, dreaming? Sing, Sirrah, to entertain the Company.

Flail. I Sing, Zing, What d'ee mean, Sir! I Sing! Lord ſave us: alas, *I* cannot Sing, Sir, *Ich* was ne'r ſo well bred.

Zech. Whiſtle then, you Dog, do ſomething for Diverſion——

Flail. Whiſtle! by coxbones I cannot whiſtle neither. Bleſs us! Muſt *I* never go to bed? Bleſs me from *London*, if this be the Trade.

Zech. Trade! Thou ſon of *Aſſafetida!* call a Gentlemans Divertive Cuſtom a Trade! Come, all hands, wee'll go Pump the Rogue.

Jolly. Ay, ay; a dull drowzy Raſcal: Pump him *I* ſay——

Enter three Wenches.

Zech. A prize! a prize! Petticotes, upon honour; Stand there! come before a man of Authority——And why Thus early my Lady of the Lake? Whither are you going?

1 *Wench.* To Hell, Will you follow me?

Zech. Not *I*, upon honour: There *I'll* leave you——

Tob. By your favour, Madam, What's a Clock? [*To* 2 *Wench.*

2 *Wench.* *I* am ſorry the pawning your Watch, Sir, forces you to Ask ſo neceſſary a Queſtion——

Tob. Now will this damn'd bulking Quean be too witty for me, O' my Conſcience, if *I* ſhould ask her any more queſtions. Uds haſh, *I'll* ee'n proceed to the Buſineſs, and ſay nothing.

Joll. *goes to the other, and ſhe ſlights him.*

3 *Wench.* Fy, fy, Sir! an old man and talk thus!

Joll. An old Man! 'Sbud, You're a Whore. An old man! Call a Gentleman, in the midſt of a Night Debauch, old—Hem, Hem——Sound Lungs, and Heart whole——Old quoth a!

Zech. Come, upon honour, ye ſhall all to the Tavern with us, and We'll compleat the nights debauch with Credit: But firſt A Song. *I* know you have your parts in the laſt new Verſes, Made of the Nights ramble; Tis a part of your Function; a New Song is as neceſſary for a Town-Woman, as a Sute of Knots, Or a new Gown——Hey! ſtrike up there!

SONG.

Happy the Man that takes delight
In Banquetting his Senſes;
That drinks all day, and then at night
The height of Joy commences.
With Bottles arm'd, we ſtand our ground,
Full Bumpers crown our Bliſſes;
They rore and ſing the Streets around,
In Serenading Miſſes.

Chor. *With Bottles arm'd,* &c.

Pleaſures

Pleasures thus free and unconfin'd,
No drowzy Crime reproaches;
No Heaven to a frollick mind,
No pleasure like Debauches.
Whilst rambling thus, new Joys we reap,
In charmes of Love and Drinking,
Insipid Fops lye drown'd in sleep,
And the Cuckhold he lies thinking.
Chor. *Whilst rambling*, &c.

Zech. Rarely done of all hands: come, now lets to the Tavern, I am resolved to make a night on't.

Toll. Well said, agen, Boy. Toth' Tavern! to th'Tavern—hah—MerryRascal —— hang pinching. 'Sbud thou'rt a brave fellow——

Tob. Come my little pignies, you and I will go and be drunk together: Hey ——you shall see me performe rare exploits, i'faith. Nay, Gad, now my hand's in, I shall pepper you with wit, I feel it growing in my head like a Bunch of Parsenips.

Zech. Agen! Igad pinch him agen; but come, of this at the Tavern, We lose time——Strike up there—Sing. *Whilst rambling.* [*Ex. singing.*

Enter L. Fickle *in Mans Cloaths, and* Silvia, Dorrel *at a distance.*

L. Fick. So, is all fit? prithe how do I look? may I pass for a Bully of the first Rate amongst Dablers in the Mystery? how sit my Clothes?

Silv. Decently I swear, and well become you; you have as masculine an Air as any Man, I mean any Man that has no more Beard then you.

Dor. This gives an end to my suspition; the Plot's unravell'd, and my late doubts have now their period—— [*Aside.*

L. Fick. Away then, and be sure you miss not a tittle in the charge I've given you, but with a feign'd sigh, and a tear or two, tell *Sir Arthur* I went away unknown to you, and supposing it to be discontent, relating to his designs of Marriage; do this handsomly, and *I'll* come in person, and prosecute the rest: This habit will, *I* am sure, disguise me; and *I* intend to invite my self to another Banquet of Wit, with the Suitors, ere *I* have done with e'm——away—— a day or two's time will make all quiet ——and *I* shall be in readiness for as many more.

Silv. Madam, *I* have my Lesson perfectly, and am so much your Creature, as not to dispute your Commands. [*Ex.* Silv.

L. Fick. Now am *I* in my opinion a second *Machiavil*, my wit has finish'd works as strong and great as *Hercules* 12 labours! Oh *I* cou'd hug my self for my inventions; they are so prosperous, as if Fate meant to make my wit a Miracle for men to wonder at. To betray, in me's a Virtue, being first betray'd; the thought of which, does like an eating Canker prey on my heart and vitals. Therefore, sweet Revenge,

Thou

Thou art my Darling. Thus I'll blind their eyes;
'Tis on the neck of Wit, Revenge muſt riſe. ——— [*Exit.*

Enter Dorrel.

Dor. Can this be true! oh Heavens, what have I heard!
Is't poſſible ſhe ſhou'd be thus affected
To him that baſely ſo deſerted her?
If ſo, I am a Devil, and my jealouſie
The ſin of all Corruption —— I'll redeem it,
Watch all her actions, and diſcover all,
Leſt ſhe ſhou'd loſe her ſelf in her Revenge.
'Twas well I overheard her --- Happy day!
That does all former fears with Bliſs repay [*Ex.* Dor.

Scene 2. *The Street, a Tavern Buſh hung out.*

Enter Bellamore, Zechiel, Toby, Jollyman, *Three Wenches, and Muſitians, drinking.*

Zech 'Twas well, my Lord, your Valor interpos'd betwixt me and the danger; by Heaven I had been ſtockado'd elſe ———

Bell. I am glad, Sir, Fate guided me that way, and made me capable of doing you ſo good an office, pray how came your quarrel?

Zech. Why one of the Raſcals would needs take the wall of me, nay tho I told him in *French* I was drunk, and had a Whore with me —— Was ever ſuch an incivility? But I think I am reveng'd, for if I may believe my eye, my laſt full Paſs pierc'd his *Diaphragma*——I am ſure I kill'd him.

Joll. How, kill'd him! Not ſo, *I* hope, my merry wag, not ſo ——

Zech. Not ſo! upon Honour *I* am ſure it is ſo ———
Whoo—— Pox, 'tis accounted nothing now in Term-time.
The killing a Man's no more lookt on in a Nights Debauch,
Than getting a Clap in a Mornings Ramble.
The Town's full, The Town's full.

Tob. I hope the conſequences are no worſe then he makes 'em;
But udſhaſh ——my heart goes a-pit-to-pat.

Bell. Tho' *I* hate this Fellows impertinence, yet for diverſion ſake *I'll* make one in the debauch to Night: Sirrah, bid the Coach go home, tell *Raines I* have no occaſion for him to Night. ——[*To his Footman.*

Zech. Come, Muſick, ſtrike up there, Damme you ſleepy Dogs, Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, hey--Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Will you not be pleas'd to take a private Room Sir?

Zech. A private Pox Sir. [*Strikes him.*

What

What *I* warrant you take us now for ſome of your ſerious brood of Aldermen, d'ee Sirra? But ſuch another word, and I ſhall make a private Room in your Guts for this Engine here.

Tob. Sirra, you ſhall be hufft and cuffi, and flip'd and kick'd, Sirra, if you talk of private Rooms——Now am *I* as valiant as a Hector, me thinks I could beat this Drawer into a Wicker Bottle——

Zech. Sirra, as a Reprieve for Life, bring out the But, we'll have the triumph of *Bacchus* to Night, my Lord; you ſhall be Spectator now of one of my Frollicks, *I* invented it in *Paris*, for the benefit of all Lovers of the Grape, and cheriſhers of *Burgundy*, and I hope you'll ſpeak it a facetious one; 'tis call'd a triumph to *Bacchus*, my Lord.

Bell. A good Theme Sir——worthy of your Wits invention, no doubt a great peice of ingenuity—— [*Aſide.*

Zech. Come my witty Devotees of *Venus*,
You muſt be aſſiſtant here. [*To three Wenches.*
Hey——Drawer, where are you Sirra?

Enter Drawers with an empty But.

Come hither *Toby*, thou ſhalt perſonate god *Bacchus*——
Give him a Wreath there——and a Bumper——
Come, up, up, advance into the Throne—— [*Tob. gets on the But.*
So, now Ladies kneel, and pay obedience to your Emperor——
My Lord, I muſt beg your Lordſhip to bear part in the Ceremony——
There, on that ſide, my Lord——
Drawer, give every one a Glaſs——
Flouriſh Muſick and drink——
Hey—— [*Flouriſh, all drink.*

Tob. How do *I* preſent it, ha! methinks it becomes me very well.

Zech. Look big, look a little bigger, you know the Effigie.

Folk. By the Lord, *Harry*, I'll kiſs thee for this, my Darling of the dark. Well, *I* am reſolv'd to diſinherit my Son, and adopt thee——hang pinching, *I'll* do't Boy, and let the World rub.

Zech. Come, now to the Song--and let all parts be ready for the *Chorus.*

SONG.

Bacchus, *thou mighty Power Divine,*
Great God of Mirth, and ſpritely Wine,
Behold us here that Kneeling ſhow
The Duty that we owe——
We through thy influence rejoice,
And thus with free and chearful voice
The Fame and Praiſes ſing
Of Bacchus, *our great God and King.*

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, that still controuls,*
And Fame and Love must both strike Sail;
There lies such vigor in full Bowls,
The Fate of Princes can't prevail.

The Wreaths of great Heroes his Altar shall Crown,
Whilst the grave and the Prudent bow down.

When Beauty darts a smiling Beam,
Our Souls are by Loves extreme;
But one brisk Glass takes care away,
And yields us back the Prey;
No Fate of Love or piercing Dart
Can wound when Wine surrounds the heart;
Still guarding it from Care,
It baffles Fate, and slights the Fair.

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine,* &c. [*Dance.*

Foll. Spark, let me embrace thee, udshores thou art the Mirror of our Age, and hast the best principles of *English* Gallantry I ever saw — Ah would I were but 5 and 20 for thy sake — but come hang pinching — 'tis well it's no worse, as my friend *Hearty* sayes —

Zech. What think you my Lord? is it not Modish? by Heav'n 'tis new, that's one good property, and I beleive 'twill take very well.

Bell. Sir, if you will take my opinion in this business, I think it an excellent invention, and were I you, I wou'd have Books printed, that the World may not be ignorant; 'igad you have this encouragement, the Press has been troubled with matters of less consequence.

Tob. I tell you I have 200 *l.* a Year, I've my Lands free and not mortgag'd, and am resolv'd to keep a Miss, according to the Mode, therefore speak now, or for ever hold your peace.

1 *Wench.* But which of us would you have Sir?

Tob. Either of you — Udshash I'm a right Country Squire, any thing will serve my turn, if the properties be not wanting — What's your price? —

1 *Wench.* Why in truth Sir, I have had 40 s. a Week; but in kindness to a Man of your Complexion, I'll abate a Crown.

Tob. My Complexion! ah wheadling Quean —

Foll. Come Sirra, Drawer fill each his Glass. Hey — Let the World rub, and let's have t'other Song.

Fla. Zong quoth a — Lord zave us, a Zong — pray, pray good folks, pray — oh, oh —

Zech. How now Bandog, what makes you howl thus? ha!

Fla.

Fla. Howl! by Coxnowns you'll howl too, if you stay longer; y'have kill'd a Man yonder, he that you quarrel'd with about your Crack there, 'slid she have a good mind to crack her for't, and God save his Soul, they think he's dead: the Constable, and a Regiment of Beggars, I mean Bilbo's, are searching for you, and just coming up the street, uds diggers, up you go if they can catch ye. Oh that ever the ancient Family of the *Tilburies* should come to such disgrace!

2 Wench. Nay then this is no time for Merchandizing. [*Exeunt VVenches.*

Zech. Malicious Fortune, Heav'n what shall I do! If I am taken I shall certainly be hang'd.

Bell. Pox, not for killing a Man in Term-time, Sir, you know the Town's full.

Foll. Hang'd! Heav'n defend, my merry Wag, is't come to that? Hang'd! Gentlemen your Servant, I've a little earnest business——

Bell. Nay, Sir, leave not your Friends in adversity; for my part I'm resolv'd to stick to't if we are hang'd.

Tob. If we are hang'd, quoth a? Ah Lord! the very word has put me into an Ague.

Bell. If we do miscarry Sir—why let the World rub, as you say.

Tob. Ay, ay, you need not fear, you are a Lord, you'll come off well enough, 'tis we shall stretch for't; Udshash nothing vexes me, but that I cannot stay to perform my bargain with Mrs. *Juniper* there. [*A noise without.*

Hark, they come, the Devil take the hindmost. [*Runs into the Tavern.*

Zech. And so say I.

Bell. Dam 'em, Are they gone? What Scarabs are these, to trust a Tavern security beyond a Sword—What Sirra are you creeping away too? turn back and help to defend, you Dog—or—— [*Noise within, Follow, follow.*

Fla. O Lord Sir! I defend Sir!——

Bell. Fight Sirra, and fight valiantly too, or by this Steel——

Fla. Well Sir, I will, I will; oh what will become of me!

Foll. Come my Lord, have at 'em, since it must be so, here's old Madge, has not seen Sun these 20 Years, shall be scowr'd in some of their Guts, rather then I'll be taken, udsbores I have been valiant in my time.

Bell. I must quickly dispatch, for fear of a disappointment with my *Corinna*——

Enter Constable and VVatch.

Const. Oh here they are, Caitiffs, Rogues, Murderers, down, down with 'em my Men o'Midnight, fall on in the Kings name, fall on—— [*They fight, Constable and VVatch are beaten off.*

Enter Toby.

Tob. No hole, ne'r a corner to creep into? This is the worſt contriv'd houſe I ever ſaw. Hang'd did he ſay? Marry Heav'n defend: I am too raw a Bully to venture hanging yet—oh well remember'd i'faith, here's the But, the Throne of *Bucchus*, as *Zechiel* calls it; this will be a rare place to ſecure my ſelf in [*gets into the But*] the Devil's in 'em if they ſearch here—— *I*'ll ſtay till the Cry is over, and then home to my Lodging; *I* love a Debauch, till it comes to Fighting; but then, methinks, it grows troubleſom—Hark, here they come, now cloſe like a Coney in a Burrow.

Re-enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. Why *N*eighbours, we were miſtaken, theſe were none of thoſe that hurt the Man—*I* am told, 'twas two Brothers, and that they were dogg'd to this Tavern. Come, come, they muſt be here ſtill—lets in, and ſee—— [*Ex.*

Enter Zechiel *above in a Balcony.*

Zech. Was ever poor Night-walker in ſuch diſtreſs? What ſhall *I* do? They are ſearching within, and the damn'd Rogues are ſo curious in the diſcovery, that they miſs not an Auger-hole; I found this Ladder of Ropes upon a Shelf, but dare not venture down yet, for fear ſome prying Raſcal ſhall ſnap me between Earth and Heav'n—'Sdeath I'll creep into this Buſh, it may be this may ſecure me—[*Gets upon the Tavern Buſh*] Hah! upon Honour *I* grow chearful; this is ſo Modiſh a Device, that *I*'ve great hopes of good ſucceſs——

Tob. They're all gone in, and now *I*'m in a Tub of Troubles about vent'ring out; if ſome of 'em ſhould watch at the Gate, *I* ſhou'd be ſnapt—if ſnapt—hang'd—Udſhaſh my ſtomach cannot reliſh that word—Yet I'll couch a little longer, and ſee what will come on't—

Enter Tilbury *drunk, with a Torch.*

Zech. Here comes a Man with a Light—now ſit cloſe——

Tilb. A Son of a whore to queſtion a Man of 1500 *l.* a Year, and diſpute the Family of the *Tilburies*, by *St Jago* he deſerves to be mortifi'd—Conſtable—what's a Conſtable, to a Man of worſhip! a Man of drunken reeling worſhip! a Worm! a Scarab! 'tis fit he ſhould be Carbonado'd. Let's ſee, where am I? What Tavern's this? oh 'tis the *Roſe*, I'll take another doſe of Sack here, and then—home—ho—within there, Drawer, give's a Cup o' Sack here——

Zech. Ah Lord! 'tis my Father—and drunk as a Wheel-barrow, I ſhall be found out, for he holds his torch ſo high, that any one that comes by muſt needs ſee me. [*Takes Orange-peels out of his Pocket, and throws at* Tilbury.

Tilb.

Tilb. Why Rascals, Poltroons—Sons of Popinjay's, what d'ee mean, hah! Dare you affront a Man of Quality——*I* mean a Man of Countrey Quality——Hah Puppies, by *St Jago I'll* break all the Windows, *I'll* teach you to be civil. Now, now cannot *I* find e'r a stone. This is the great enormance of this City, here's Wenches in abundance, but not a stone to throw at a Dog——no matter, I'll set fire on your Bush, 'tis all one——*I'll* mortifie your Owls Nest, by *St Jago.*

Zech. Oh! I shall be burnt! [*Offers to burn the Bush.*

Why Father, Father, *I'm* here! *I'm* here! Your Son! Your hopeful Son——Oh Lord, if *I* cry out too, *I* shall be hang'd——What shall *I* do? Fire! Fire! Fire!

Enter the Constable and Watch.

Const. How now! What's here one going to fire the house? Away, away with him to the Lodge; here's fine work indeed! Come bring him away, stay some of you here and watch, the rest must be hereabouts. [*Ex. Constable with* Tilb.

1 *Watch.* But is't possible Neighbours this house should be haunted, and yet Folks live in't!

2 *Watch.* Possible? as sure as you are there Neigbours. They say the Devil appear'd to 'em every Night in the likeness of a Hog.

1 *Watch.* Lord bless us Sirs! a Hog! but see what the Devil can do.

2 *Watch.* Set down the Lanthorn *Patch*, and come let's sit down on this But——I'll tell you the Story——

3 *Watch.* Ay come, silence ho, let's hear Neighbour *Cobble.* [*They sit.*

2 *Watch.* Why look you Sirs, one Winter-night the Maid here sitting up late in the Kitchen, and busie about her Houshold affairs——who should come in at the Window, but this Hog——

Omn. So!

2 *Watch.* And you must know the Devil's a cunning Hog, when occasion serves kept such——such a grunting and shuffling, and jumping, that the poor Wench was even out of her wits; she wou'd have pray'd but her memory being very short, and her prayer-book out of the way, she could not. In short, Sir, this *Hog*, or this Devil, or this Devil of a *Hog*, for 'ts all——having thrown down several Pewter Dishes, and swallow'd a whole Porridge-pot of Brewis——takes me his way into the Cellar——there makes such a wrack among the Buts and Bottles——such havock among the Glasses——[Tob. *puts out the Candle in the Lanthorn.*

How now, who puts out the Candle there?

1 *Watch.* Not *I.*

2 *Watch.* Nor I.

Tob. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!—— [*Grunts like a Hog.*

Omn. Oh it comes! it comes! the Devil, the Devil—— [*Ex*

Tob. Udshash! this Ugh, Ugh was a rare invention, [Tob. *comes out.*

I think I have out witted the Rogues: Now give me a Man that can help a danger at a pinch, for tho I say it, *Machiavil* was an Ass to me at a nights Intrigue; but I'll away, for fear of insurrections—— [*Ex.*

Zech. That was *Toby*'s voice, I believe he's gone; What the Devil was't scar'd the Watchmen so—No matter now, the Coast is clear—I'll venture down——so—— [*Gets down the Ladder.*

Upon Honour I have been severely frighted to Night. But the uncertain Fate of a Night-walker seldom meets better success——
I have escaped two eminent dangers, Burning and Hanging,
The thought of which has made me as dull as a rifled Cully.

Thus with the Brawny Crew of Suburb Roches,
We swim the Brackish Ocean of Deboches,
Without the Sense of Honour or Reproaches. [*Ex.*

SCENE 3.

Enter Sir Arthur, Silvia, Arbella, Constantia.

Sir Arth. Come, come, I say, there's a trick in't, some cunning scurvy lewd design, I know it; have I not foster'd her with tenderness? and before she cou'd write Woman, bred her carefully! What cause has she then to desert my house? Answer me that, what cause?

Silv. Only fear Sir, you shall match her against her Will,
Heaven knows I know no other cause.

Sir Arth. No, no, there must be more in't, 'twas your pleasure Mistris often to quarrel with her, it caus'd your envy to see her so belov'd—hah——But bring her agen, and quickly too, or see my face no more, out of my doors, by *Jacobs* Pantible, a Relique of Renoun'd memory: Thou art no more my daughter, unless my Niece return——

Arb. Indeed *Sir Arthur* you are a little too severe in this, for I am confident Madam *Constantia* knows nothing of her going, she alwayes kept her intrigues from her knowledge, and consequently this, being, it seems, of more importance than any of the rest: what her design is Heav'n knows, but a day or two's time will doubtless discover all.

Sir Arth. Madam *Arbella*, you are one I respect, your Father *Sir Andrew Swipplethrop* is my intimate good Friend, a Man I love and honour, and by St. *Augustin's* Night cap—Madam *Arbella*, you are welcom to my house; but seek not to defend an ill Argument—I say once more there's a trick in't——and give me leave, Madam, I will persevere in my justice—therefore Minion look to't.

Enter Dorrel.

Dor. Sir, there is three Gentlemen below, Suitors to Madam *Fickle*, that desire admittance——

Sir Arth. Conduct 'em up, I hope here's some discovery.

Enter

Enter Bellamore, Manley *and* Harry.

Bell. Though I was ignorant, Sir, you were my Rival, I thought *I* had known you for a Gentleman, one that won'd not have carry'd a design under the disguise of counterfeit madness; but assure your self, Sir, such an injury shall require satisfaction.

Man. And have it, my Lord, when you dare demand it: all falshood *I* deny; nor can I condemn my self with carrying on a Love-intrigue with policy.

Harr. 'sDeath! I see *I* am baffled at last, these are two of her Suitors——I, it seems, the third; but I hope her choice will dissipate all doubts——

Sir Arth. My Lord, and Gentlemen, your humble Servant; may *I* request to know what bus'ness brings you hither so early?

Bell. I suppose my business is not unknown, I come, *Sir Arthur*, to pay my devotion to the charming *Corinna*.

Harr. And I mine to the glorious *Cleio*.

Man. And *I* the particular tender of my heart to the adorable *Celia*.

Sir Arth. Corinna! *Cleio*! *Celia*! They are names of Antiquity, I confess——But for Heav'ns sake express your selves more largely Gentlemen, I know none of the persons.

Arb. Now the Plot begins to be discover'd, now we shall know all.

Const. Prithee do but observe the alteration of countenances, oh this was a subtle Devil!

Bell. Your Neece, *Sir Arthur*, the rich Widow--I have had the honour to be long interess'd in her favour, and she commanded me to wait on her this morning, and promis'd publickly to make choice of me.

Man. By Heav'n she promis'd to make choice of me.

Harr. Nay gad she promis'd to make choice of me.

Bell. Was ever such insufferable impertinence? *Sir Arthur*, *I* protest by my honour, all I say is true; and by vertue of her premeditated choice and election, *I* am the Man.

Man. Death! what impudence is this? I say, by virtue of her choice *I* am the Man.

Harr. Hell and Furies! *I* say *I* am the Man.

Sir. Arth. Hey day! What are all of ye the Men? By the Threshold of *Mahomet*'s Temple, this is very fine! Has she a tripartite Husband, a threefold Father of Children? But hark ye Gentlemen, let us come nearer to the business; for as far as *I* can perceive, you have mistook the house: Here are no *Cleio*'s, nor *Celia*'s, nor *Corinna*'s under my roof, *I* can assure ye. 'Tis true, I had a Niece, a Widow, and such a Fortune as you describe——who is this day gone, *I* think, to seek her Fortune: her name is *Fickle* ——— sure she cannot be the person you seek after?

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis so! We are all most finely gull'd, I find it! oh! s'death, now could I eat my flesh for madness, dull Blockhead, not to perceive her Wheadling.

Man. Fickle is her name; Dam her, she has been fickle enough, I see?—oh Hell! Hell! were ever hopes so frustrated? 'Tis plain now she has entertain'd us all with equal Caresses, and by taking a several name has thus long kept us ignorant——

Harr. Sure there must be some plot in this, *Sir Arthur*, pray be particular in the Narration——is she certainly gone Sir?

Sir Arth. Why, Sir, upon my honour, and the Honour of our Family, I protest Sir—she is certainly gone Sir?

Har. The Devil go with her Sir—oh confusion seize her; after all my hopes, and fears, and doubts, am I thus abus'd?

Arb. Oh Heaven! Was it possible your Lordship shou'd be so deceiv'd? Nay by a person that shou'd ha' been proud of the honour she receiv'd in the Amours of a Man of Quality, who was unsensible of any Beauty but the Charms of *Corinna*, nothing cou'd penetrate but the eyes of *Corinna*! Nor nothing appear attractive, but the Person and Meen of *Corinna* ———

Const. I protest Sir I pitty you, Heav'n knows how constant you have been——how ador'd *Celia*, dreamt of *Celia*, sigh'd for *Celia*! Mourned out the tedious Night in meditations, and visited the light with thoughts of *Celia*! and now to have so strange a metamorphosis, an ungrateful *Fickle* instead of a constant *Celia*, by Heaven 'tis great Tyranny in Fortune——

Man. Well Madam, well!

Enter Lady Fickle.

L. Fick. Sir Arthur, your Servant; permit a stranger somewhat interess'd in your present affair, the liberty of speaking a word or two.

Sir Arth. Sir, any Man that wears the presence of Gent. has liberty to express himself here———

L. Fick. Then briefly and boldly thus—My Lord and Gentlemen—I know you better then you imagine, you are all pretenders to my *Lady Fickle*, a person to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted, and having last Night the honour of Kissing her hand, she in tears told me, she had deserted *Sir Arthur's* house, only to be rid of your troublesom impertinences; she also did me the favour to desire me to give you this assurance, That she hated you all three, and her former proceedings with you have been only to divert her self with your ceremonious Addresses.

Bell. Sure 'tis impossible a Woman should be such a Devil? Dare you prove this?

Man. Dam him——this is the impudent'st young Hector I ever met with.

Harr. Hark ye, dare you fight Sir?

L. Fick.

L. Fick. Yes Sir, with you if you dare Sir! Fight! Blood of the Heroe's d'ee queſtion it—— There's my Glove——I'll fight you all three, appoint your place and time.

Man. The Soul of a Giant by Heav'n, a very Devil *in decimo ſexto.*

L. Fick. *I* ſcorn to win a Lady of her perfections, with the loſs but of a drop of Blood, a River full I ſay, my veins drawn dry, and on the active gore fierce attoms darting, to win my Love throw ſtreams of Death and horror. *I'll* bath my Lips in gore, kiſs bleeding Wounds, cleave Helmets, ſtand a Breach, and dare a Cannon, divide a *Heart* in two, ha! ha!——'tis done. Soul of *Belona*, *I'll* exhauſt a Flood, turn Earth to Chaos, Oceans into Blood. Conſume your timerous cringing Amoriſts, that would poſſeſs their *Heav'n*, but dare not bleed for't. Blood is my Province, therefore with you all am *I* reſolv'd to fight--- A ſingle Man's too poor for Revenge; All, all, *I* ſay, and all at once, 'tis baſe elſe.

Bell. This is the daringſt young Rogue *I* ever ſaw, I muſt daſh his hopes——*Hark'ee* young Huffing Sir, no more of this here, follow me, you ſhall find one of us ſufficient to cut your Throat.

L. Fick. All or none by Heav'n, I will not fight elſe——

Dor. Now is the time, and this myſterous Plot ſhall be no longer hid——Fie, fie my ——Lord! I thought your Lordſhip cheriſh'd too much honour ever to draw your Sword againſt a Woman *!*

Omn. A Woman!

Dor. Look on her well, *Sir Arthur.* My Lord and Gentlemen, d'ee not know her? Nay, Madam, bluſh not; all muſt out. You muſt be diſcover'd. This is the very perſon you are ſpeaking of, my *Lady Fickle!* your *Cleio* Sir! your *Celia!* and your *Corinna*, my Lord!

Sir Arth. By *Pharaoh* 'tis the ſame, I know her now. Why how now Niece!

L. Fick. Diſcover'd! and i'th' end of all my Plots: what Devil told this Fellow my deſigns ——Well Uncle——'tis *I.*

Bell. What in your Maſquerading habit, Madam? if I may preſume, what Intrigue to night are you deſigning for?

L. Fick. 'Tis fruſtrated my Lord, you might have known elſe.

Man. Ungrateful Creature! was *I* ſo deſertleſs? was my hearts paſſion ſo far wanting merit, too deſerve this return?

Bell. Was I not worthy of your favor?

Harr. And was my heart to baſe too be your ſlave?

L. Fick. By Heav'n, no; all your deſerts are boundleſs, and *I* am far unworthy your addreſſes; and ſince *I* am diſcover'd, you ſhall know why I have us'd thus. I lov'd and was betray'd, and for this cauſe ſwore a Revenge on all that ſhould love me: To make it plainer to ye, I am marry'd My husband, fir'd with jealouſie, forſook me, to ſpend his time in Travel; ſince I have liv'd a Widow in opinion, and wheadled many Suitors, but lov'd none.

Sir Arth. Why then your Husband lives!

L. Fick. I know not Sir, *I* have not seen him since.

Dor. Yes Sir, he lives, and lives to bless the hour he took up this disguise——oh my Sweet——Consider humane frailty, and forgive my Crime of too much Jealousie. [*Pulls off his Beard.*

L. Fick. My dear *Friendlove!* Can this be true? Am *I* then once more blest with thy Caresses?

Sir Arth. Hey, *Dorel* metamorphos'd to Mr. *Friendlove*! by *Mechizedech* this is strange!

Bell. Marry'd! Gad I have spent my time very finely well! if ever I trust a Widow agen, may *I* wear Hornes like *Acteon*, and seek for a Patrimony in *Terra incognita.*

Dor. I swear *I* have been cruel to thy Virtue, but my whole life shall sue to make amends; and my noble Lord, and you Gentlemen, whatever Presents on this Ladies behalf have been receiv'd, shall be return'd with ample satisfaction; and since espousing her perfections, *I* am bound to have a particular interest in her actions, if any one here holds himself wrong'd, my person shall give him the acknowledgment he demands, and my Sword the satisfaction of a Gentleman——

Bell. Sir, *I* hope you think *I* dare fight——and refuse not through fear——but since *I* see she had some reason for what she did, my particular resentments are not worth a quarrel: My thoughts are now bowing down to this shrine of Beauty. [*To* Arb.

Man. And mine to this. Madam! Can you forgive——[*To* Const.

Arb. 'Twere an excellent revenge to use you as my Lady *Fickle* did; I swear my Lord you have deserv'd it.

Bell. We have all failings, Madam, you must pardon.

Sir Arth. I like this well, I like this well: win her and wear her: Mr. *Manley*, I like your Person and Estate well. By King *Pharoah* I am very merry, come, we'll have a Dance.

Enter Constable *and* Watch *with* Jollyman, Tilbury, Zechiel, Toby.

How now, Whats here? Mr. *Jollyman*, and my old Friend *Tilbury* in durance——How came this Friend? hah!

Constab. An't please your Worship, these are the Gentlemen that wounded the Man lastnight, and they got from us once, but we catch'd 'em again; and we took this other firing a house.

Sir Arth. Well, leave 'em with me, I'll be Bail for their appearance to morrow——I am resolv'd nothing shall hinder my mirth to day—Mr. *Tilbury* and Mr. *Jollyman*, I have heard of all your frolicks last night, both yours and your Sons. Let it be so no more: for the present all shall be well——But there is no hopes of my daughter now——she's bestow'd——

Tell.

Toll. Since she's bestow'd, God give her Joy. I'll cherish my self with a merry Song and a Fiddle, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Tilb. My Sons unmarri'd, and the Family of the *Tilburies* thus disgrac'd——By St. *Jago*, I'l take post and away for *Salisbury* immediately——

Tob. And so will *I*, Udshash—— if these disasters belong to Men of parts, as ye call 'em—give me a Country life—for though there's less wit, there's more security.

Zech. Infamous impertinent! Canst thou repugn the pleasures of a Debauch, through the apprehension of a walking Nightrap, and a gilded Truncheon, with the City Arms on't —Upon honour thou art a Libel to my Fame, and unworthy to break a Glass in my society.

Tob. Udshash, I might ha' bin hang'd in your society for all that, but that Fortune was my Friend, and reserv'd me for the future benefit of my Family——

Zech. Hang'd! A man of parts! An honest Night-walker hang'd! Intollerable *I*mpudence! no Sir—— assure your self no such Fate attends us Brothers of the Bottles—a Stockado, a Gentle thrust through the Lungs or so, might have Happen'd——but no hanging, Brother Bullfinch: no hanging.

Tob. Come, come, a word to the wise is sufficient—*I* have resolv'd a reformation—*I* relish not your Stockadoe's not *I*, nor is a gentle thrust through the Lungs, as you term it, so agreeable with my Nature to persevere. In brief, Sir, *I* am converted: *I* will into the Country immediately.

Sir Arth. Come, come, embrace and be friends, *I* am in a good humour, and by *Melchizedech*——strife shall be a stranger to my house to day: so, so; all, all well——and though you are not partners in this Wedding, you shall be merry at it——and let the world rub, as my old Friend here says—go call in the Fidlers there —— [*Dance.*

Dor. Come, my dear sweet, and let us lose our selves
*I*n Loves Embraces. This is a happy day.

L. Fick. Through crooked paths, dark plots, and wayes obscure,
Revenge still roves, to make its action sure.
I have been false to night, and purchast hate,
But Ladies on your smiles depends my fate:
Let me then gain one happy glance from you,
And th'*Witty False One* shall be ever True. [*Ex. omnes.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

And now to you, Gallants, that ſmiling ſit,
And with inſipid Votes infeſt the Pit,
Becauſe the Play was by a Stranger writ;
The Poet *ſayes, he knows his Merit's ſmall,*
And trembles at the thought of a Cabal;
But ſince a Bully in his Play I was,
I am reſolv'd a Champion in his Cauſe:
Therefore let him that boaſts of too much ſtrength,
Appoint the place, and ſend his Rapiers length:
A barb'rous Critick ſhall not walk the Street,
Nor from this moment dare to cenſure Wit,
By Heav'n I'll pepper you if once we meet.
You ſmile, and perhaps doubt my want of skill,
But I'll revenge it, Blood and Death I will.
I muſt confeſs there is a ſafer way,
You may walk ſafely if you'll like the Play;
But elſe, if you your cenſures raiſe anew,
Fate ſends his Darts abroad, Blood muſt enſue,
Let him that on that Baſis Honour builds,
Meet me to morrow in Lambs-Conduit-*Fields,*
There he ſhall find a Woman now turn'd Bully,
Has power to turn a Critick to a Cully.

FINIS.